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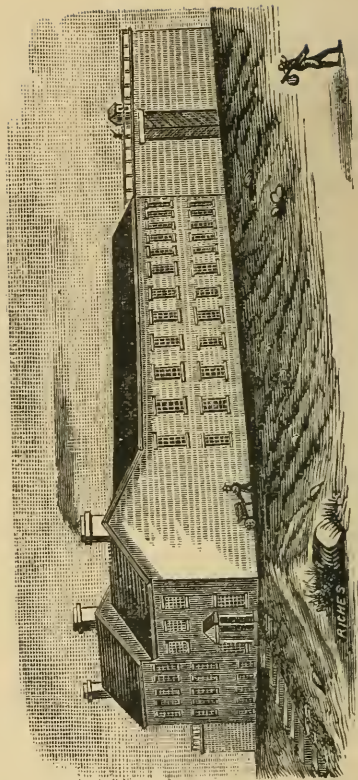


OF THE

Ohio Penitentiary

1835 to 1860





FIRST OHIO PENITENTIARY.

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES
OF THE
OHIO PENITENTIARY
FROM ITS

ERECTION IN 1835 TO THE PRESENT TIME,

A DESCRIPTIVE VIEW OF THE INTERIOR AND ITS SYSTEM OF
GOVERNMENT, MODES OF PUNISHMENT, BRIEF
SKETCHES OF THE PRISONER'S LIFE,

ESCAPES, NOTED CRIMINALS,

LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS PRISONERS, NAMES AND NOTES OF
ALL THE WARDENS SINCE ITS ERECTION, AND
OTHER PRINCIPAL OFFICERS.

ALSO,

STATEMENT OF THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE PRISON AT VARIOUS TIMES,
AND GENERAL NOTES OF INTEREST.

BY
J. H. MATTHEWS.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.
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P R E F A C E .

Who can listen to a story of crime and not become interested? Who has ever visited the Ohio Penitentiary that can not, while relating the sights and the movements of the great body of prisoners marching through the prison grounds or working in the shops, fill the listener with awe and interest? Who has never had a desire to visit the great penal institution of the state of Ohio? Only a few ever obtain that privilege, owing to one prevention or another, and it is those who have not the opportunity that are most interested, and to give such persons an idea of its workings, I tender this brief but carefully and accurately compiled work, feeling that those who may read its pages will be fully satisfied with my effort.

The task of writing this work was no light one, as the records of the prison, until within a few years past, are very incomplete, and in order to have all dates and happenings correct it required extra time and labor.

What I have written are facts, as near as could be

gathered, and I hope the reader will find them interesting.

I give a fair idea of the prisoner's daily life, good qualities and literary power, with the different modes of punishment, systems of government, brief sketches of all the Wardens and other prominent officials who have been connected with the institution since its erection in 1835.

Having had four years' experience as an officer, gives me a more correct and thorough knowledge of the institution and the daily lives of the convicts, than anyone could obtain from a few visits for the purpose of writing an article or book.

The life of the convict is very different from that of any other living person, from the fact that he is the subject of his own reflection, which brightens or dims, and either fits him for a higher and nobler calling or leaves him a *wreck* from *remorse*.

J. H. M.

COLUMBUS, O., May, 1884.

THE OHIO PENITENTIARY.

PART I.

Location and Description—The Guard Room—The Inside of the Prison—Dining Room—State Shops—Contract Shops—The Chapel—The Hospital—Female Department—The Prisoner when received—The Stripes—Duties of the Prisoner—His First Day at Work—The Famous Lock Step—Modes of Punishment—Solitary Confinement—The Battery—Escapes—The Hide Out—Noted Criminals—&c., &c.

LOCATION AND DESCRIPTION.

The Ohio Penitentiary is situated on the east bank of the Scioto river. It is now within the corporation limits of Columbus, the capital of the state. The institution was erected by authority of an act, issued February 8, 1832. At this time it was outside of the corporation line, but, owing to the rapid growth of the city, it is now but a short distance from the business part of the city. It is the distance of three squares from High

street, the principal thoroughfare of Columbus. It fronts south on Spring street a distance of two squares; extends northward four squares; the east side approaches the west so that the north end is little more than one square wide. It is enclosed on all sides (except the front) by a stone wall thirty feet high and three and a half feet thick. There are twenty-eight acres of ground in this enclosure. At the front of the enclosure are the two oldest cell buildings, also the administration building. In each of these cell houses, surrounded by a wide aisle, is a block, five stories high, containing cells which face on both sides. There are thirty-five cells in a range, making three hundred and fifty cells in a block. There are three blocks in the old building known as the East, Middle and West Halls. The cells are very small, scarcely high enough to allow a man to stand erect in them. Each cell is furnished with one gas jet which the prisoner is allowed to burn until 9 o'clock each night, when, by a tap of a bell in the Guard Room, they must extinguish the light and immediately retire. The doors are of heavy barred iron; the walls are very thick; the beds are iron frames swung from the wall of the cell.

Adjoining the walls of the old west cell house, and forming an L with it, is a new cell building, erected in 1878, during the administration of Warden B. F. Dyer. In this building the cells are much larger and more cheerful looking. The entire front of the cell is barred iron. There are five hundred and eighty cells in the

new building, making in an aggregate one thousand six hundred and thirty cells.

Between the two old cell houses and back of the administration building, is the

GUARD ROOM.

This is presided over by an officer known as the Captain of the Guard Room. He has entire control of the doors leading into the prison. It is a very responsible position, as it requires a person with excellent memory to hold it. It is required of him to remember *all* who pass inside, that he may recognize them as they pass out. The doors are opened by means of a lever, which works with a spring, and are always locked except when persons are passing through. No prisoner has ever escaped through the Guard Room, so complete are the means to prevent anything of the kind. The Guard Room is also the place where friends and relatives are permitted to converse with the prisoner while visiting him. Visiting is allowed once a month, and the conversation to last one-half hour. Here the poor old father and mother, brother and sister, wife and little ones, come for *a look, a kiss, or a few words of comfort* from the wayward one. The saddest of *all* in my experience as an officer of the Prison, is to sit and listen to some poor, old, heart-broken mother begging of her boy the promise to lead a better life when he regains

his liberty, and his promise to be a comfort to her in her declining years. Alas! how often is father and mother forgotten when they reach the outside world again.

THE INSIDE OF THE PRISON

Presents to the eye of the beholder a large mass of buildings divided into blocks after the pattern of a modern village. The streets are wide and paved with stone. There are also stone and brick pavements. The whole interior is kept perfectly clean ; in much better condition than some of our would-be cities. There is a place for everything, and all are required, by the Superintendent of Yard, to strictly obey the rules. The visitor wonders on passing through how so much work can be done with such a quiet precision. The only answer to the above is, "*good discipline,*" for without it nothing could be accomplished worthy of mention.

On passing through the East and Middle Halls from the Guard Room, you enter the *Kitchen and Dining Room*. This massive department is one of the curiosities of the Prison. First are the coffee boilers—huge copper kettles holding two hundred and fifty gallons each. Next the kettles for cooking vegetables—five in number, and each holding an hundred and twenty five gallons. You pass from the kitchen into the Bakery, where the bread for feeding the prisoners is baked. The ovens

are mammoth affairs with a revolving center that keeps the bread in motion while baking, to prevent its being burned. There are over *fourteen barrels* of flour consumed every day. You pass from the bakery into the Dining Hall. This is built in the form of an L and will seat eighteen hundred prisoners.

STATE SHOP.

This is where the making of clothes, boots and shoes, and all kind of repairing is done. Here located is the Book Bindery, Tin Shop, Store Room, and Tobacco Manufactory. On passing from the State Shop you come to the *Hayden Shops*—contract. Here all the iron work for saddlery and harness is manufactured. Buckles, bridle bits, stirrups, hame tops, &c., are here moulded, then japanned or plated, as the order may be, after which they are sent to the shipping room and packed for the market.

Next is the famous *Patton Contract*. This is considered one of the hardest contracts in the prison. It consists of a Hollow Ware Foundry, Grinding, Polishing and Enameling Rooms. There are over two hundred prisoners employed on the contract, and among them some of the most noted criminals in the prison. There are six guards constantly on the watch and ever ready to preserve order.

We next have the *Coopering Contract*. There are

seventy-five men employed making barrels. One would think on passing through these shops and witnessing the earnestness of each man at work, that he was paid the highest wages. In this (cooper) shop works Andrew Egner, the murderer of Herman Schilling, of Cincinnati, some years ago.

Our attention is now directed to the *Chair Shops*. This is a nice contract; the work being light and easy. Mr. Bailey, the contractor, carries on the business extensively. The rough work is done by prisoners and the finishing is done in shops outside the walls.

The Columbus Boot and Shoe Contract, also the American Harness Co., of Cincinnati, are carrying on a very heavy business, employing about one hundred and fifty prisoners, and a large number of citizens from the outside. They occupy a large three story building, recently built by the state.

We now enter the Brown and Hinman Contract. This includes five shops, in which are manufactured hoes, rakes, forks and many other agricultural implements.

Next is Geo. W. Gill's Stove Foundry and Finishing Rooms; then comes the Ohio Tool Co. Contract. Here all kinds of carpenter's tools are manufactured. This is a good contract, although a greater part of the work is very hard.

We now pass through the Ayers, Mithoff & Co. Contract, where is manufactured all the wood work for car-

riages, wagons, &c. A large number of men are here employed. The Columbus Bolt Works employ about one hundred and fifty men, and is considered a good contract.

Next is the Evans, Mithoff and Co.'s Toy Shops. Here are manufactured velocipedes, baby carriages, express wagons, and carts. About fifty prisoners are employed here.

The last contract we shall mention is the Cigar Contract. About seventy five men are employed making cigars. There are fifty thousand cigars manufactured daily. This is much lighter work than some we have mentioned, but it has proved to be very injurious to one with weak lungs.

The Mill is next in order. Here the flour is ground to make the bread to feed the "boys." Next is the Wash House where *all* the washing for the institution is done. Here you find the bath room fitted up with the latest improvements for bathing. It is a long room with bath tubs on either side, separated by a partition between each tub. All the prisoners are compelled to bathe once every week.

THE CHAPEL.

This building stands in the center of the yard, directly back of the administration building. It has a seating capacity of two thousand people—eighteen hundred

prisoners and two hundred visitors. There is a large gallery in the north wing, facing the rostrum, which the female prisoners occupy during Sunday service.

There are four rooms in the front of the building. The Deputy occupies two of them, and the Chaplain's office and Library the remaining two. Directly over the Deputy's office is a large room occupied by the officers who are detailed to remain at night on fire watch. At the northwest corner of the chapel is a building where the Fire Department is located. The second story is the Architect's office and Patrol rooms. On either side and in front of the chapel is a large lawn, laid off in plats, with brick walks between, while in front is a large fountain surrounded by flower beds, which in summer presents to the eye a beautiful appearance. On the left front are a number of sycamore trees, planted over thirty years ago by a prisoner of the name of Ferdwand Seitz, who was sent up from Hamilton Co. for murder, Nov. 5th, 1845. On the east of the lawn in the third story of a building is the Hospital. It is a large room, divided into two wards, one for the sick and the other for those who get crippled. Everything that can be done to alleviate the sufferer is done by willing hands. There are a number of prisoners steadily employed to wait on the sick. The Hospital Kitchen is another interesting feature, and everything that can tempt the appetite of the sick is furnished and here prepared for them. If a patient wants chicken,

oysters, or anything that can be had, it is procured for him. Dr. Gay's (the present prison physician) maxim is: If a prisoner is *sick* and anything can be done for him in the way of medical treatment—do it. If he is able to *work*—make him work. He is considered by all who know him and know of this work, to be one of the best physicians that has ever had charge of the prison.

THE FEMALE DEPARTMENT.

This is the coziest place of all. The building is three stories high and is situated south of the old East Hall building. It is surrounded by a stone wall of the same height as the one surrounding the prison. On the first floor is the Reception Room, where the female prisoners see their friends, Matrons' Apartments, and the Laundry. On the second floor is the Sewing Room, the Dining Room, and the Dry Room. On the third floor are the Sleeping Apartments. The room is long with cells on the sides; these cells are more homelike in appearance than the mens', many of them being daintily arranged with pictures on the walls, presents from friends outside, arranged on shelves in a very artistic manner. Miss Ray Houk, the present Matron, and her assistant, Mrs. Julia Glines, are held in high esteem by the officers of the prison for the manner in which

they have successfully conducted this department during the present administration.

THE PRISONER.

We have given a sketch of the Institution and will now change our course and proceed to give the reader a history of a prisoner from the time he enters the prison. First he comes with the sheriff in charge to the Guard Room. The sheriff presents to the Warden or Clerk *The Commitment Papers*, showing for what crime he was convicted, and how long he will have to stay. His handcuffs are taken off, (in many instances his legs are shackled with heavy chains to prevent his trying to escape while being brought) and he is turned over to the Captain of the Guard Room, who searches him thoroughly for anything he may have secreted on his person. He is now taken in charge by a *guard* who marches him to the State Shop, where he is registered on the Superintendent's book and a note made of the value of his clothing. He is given a bundle and marched to the bath room where he is *ordered* to thoroughly cleanse himself. He now dons that horrible garb—

THE STRIPES.

He is now taken to the Transfer Clerk who takes his name and age. Now he sits and listens to the reading



of the rules he is bound to obey so long as he wears the "stripes."

DUTIES OF THE PRISONERS.

1. They are to labor faithfully and diligently, to obey

all orders promptly, and to observe unbroken silence.

2. They are not to exchange a word with each other, or make use of any signs except such as are necessary to convey their wants to the waiters.

3. They must approach their *guards* in a respectful manner and be brief in their communication. They are not to speak to them on ordinary topics, nor address them except when necessary, in relation to their work or their necessary wants.

4. They shall not at any time, under any pretense without leave, speak to any person who does not belong to the Institution, nor receive from them any letter, paper, tobacco or anything whatever. They are not to leave the place they are put to work, nor the work they are set to do, without special permission or order of the proper officers. They are not to suffer their attention to be taken from their work to look at visitors, nor are they to gaze at them when unemployed.

5. No convict is to willfully injure his work, tools, wearing apparel, bedding or anything belonging to or about the prison. Nor will any prisoner be allowed to mark or injure, or in any way deface the walls of or any part of his cell or night room. Nor is he to execute his work badly when he has the ability to do it well.

6. No convict shall receive or transmit any letter or paper except under the inspection of the Warden. Nor shall such convict converse with any person except the Governor, Heads of Departments, Members of the Gen-

eral Assembly, Judges of the Supreme and Common Pleas Courts, and officers of the prison.

7. Each prisoner, as far as practicable, shall occupy the same cell every night. As they enter their respective cells, each prisoner, after setting down his room bucket, must draw the door of his cell until it strikes the latch, and in this position stand holding the door until the Turnkey approaches and enters the key. The prisoner shall then instantly close the door.

8. At the ringing of the bell every prisoner must go to bed immediately (but they *may* go to bed previously if they choose) and a profound silence must be observed from that time until the sound of the bell in the morning, at which time every prisoner must immediately dress himself and prepare to march out.

9. They shall all march in military step and in such order as may be designated by the officers in charge. While in their cells, and while marching, and at all other times, all unnecessary noise must be avoided.

10. No prisoner will be suffered to sleep with his clothes on.

11. If a prisoner becomes sick or from any cause feels unable to work, he shall report himself to the officer under whose charge he may be.

12. Convicts will only be allowed such food, tobacco and clothing as are issued in the prison.

13. For all willful violations of the above rules, punishment will certainly be inflicted.

Dear reader, imagine the feeling of the poor culprit as he listens to those rules of iron. Many times do these words fall on the ear of a *mere boy*, who, in fear and trembling, sits with bowed head, unable to check the falling tears. How he thinks of *home* and *mother*; the good advice he has so often listened to and passed by unheeded. The barber's chair now receives him and the curly locks or the handsome beard is taken off. Oh! this is humiliating. Many would sacrifice almost anything rather than lose their beard. Next he is taken to the Hospital, where he is thoroughly examined by the physician and a detailed statement of his physical condition recorded in the Hospital Register.

The Chaplain's Office is the next place in order. Here he gives his name, age, nativity, education, age of self-support, habits, temperate or intemperate, number of years attended Sunday school, church of parents, domestic relations, previous occupation, plea to the crime charged with, alleged cause and number of convictions. He is given a number which is to accompany his name during his term of imprisonment. He is also instructed as to what reading matter he will be allowed to receive, and if he is penitent and wishes to attend Sunday school or prayer meeting his name is taken and cards placed on his cell door that entitles him to attend; the general service all are compelled to attend. At last he stands before the *Deputy Warden*. This is the last place the prisoner appears

before he is placed at work. The Deputy views his man from head to foot, if he is a large, stout fellow, he is very apt to go in a foundry, if a mere boy, he is placed at some lighter work.

THE FIRST DAY AT WORK.

He is taken to the shop and placed at work. The foreman instructs him and he works away until a bell in the shop sounds a tap—he looks up perhaps for the first time since his arrival in the shop, the guard orders him to wash his face and prepare to march to dinner. He is placed in rank between two older prisoners, and at the word “march” starts in the famous

LOCK STEP,

Which is the mode of marching. In the yard in front of the chapel his company is halted, and here he has a view of the vast body of *law breakers* standing in companies waiting for the summons to march into the dining hall. The signal is given by one tap of a large bell in the Deputy's office. After they are all seated in the dining hall, a perfect sea of heads, another tap of the bell is given and all remove their caps, when the Chaplain says grace; another tap of the bell and all begin to eat. Their dinner consists of soup, meat, potatoes, a large piece of gramin bread, and a large

bowl of coffee; they are allowed twenty minutes for dinner. I will here say that the prisoners in the Ohio Penitentiary are well fed. One more tap of the bell and they leave the table and re-form into companies and march back to their shops.

Many persons on the outside are under the impression that the prisoner always learns a *trade* while in prison; such is not the case. He is only placed at some particular work which he must continue during his time of imprisonment.

We will now leave the prisoner to follow his daily toil, and proceed to give the

MODES OF PUNISHMENT.

Some years ago the whipping post was practiced. Each guard was compelled to whip those who were infractious under his charge. Next came the ducking tub. The prisoner was stripped and tumbled into a large tub of cold water, and kept there until he would become passive and promise to be a better boy. The *bull rings* were next brought forward. When a prisoner would become unruly he was handcuffed and tied to a post, or sometimes to his cell door, so that his feet would just reach the floor, but not sufficient to allow him to rest his weight upon them; thereby causing the whole weight of his body to be held by his wrists.

This was a cruel mode of punishment, and was soon abandoned. After this, came

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

The cells being perfectly dark, with nothing to rest on, (no bed) the prisoner was compelled to walk backward and forward or lie down on the cold floor; no nourishment except a quarter ration of bread and water. Thus he would remain brooding over his life of crime, and in many cases longing for death to free him from his life of torture. There is one man now an inmate of the prison who served nearly *nine years* in solitay confinement, and it seems almost a miracle to know he is yet living, but his days are numbered, he is almost gone with consumption. In conversation with him at one time, he told me the way in which he killed time. He would take a pin and throw it at random in his cell and then search for it; sometimes several days would elapse before he could find it, his cell being so obscurely dark. Such things as *dungeons* are not to be found in the Ohio Penitentiary now. Almost the first thing Mr. Thomas done, after entering upon his duties as Warden, was to order the dungeons taken away entirely.

The next mode of punishment was the

ELECTRIC BATTERY,

Known only to the "boys" as the "Humming Bird."

This was very severe and required one to understand how to apply it without serious injury. The prisoner was placed in a large box containing about eighteen (18) inches of water ; there was a large steam pipe attached, and when turned on made a most frightful noise. The battery was then placed in the water and charged with the electricity ; the prisoner could not know—his eyes being bandaged—what was taking place, and the shock from the battery would soon bring him to subjection. After having been there *once* they would dread it so that when sent the second time they would beg most piteously to be let off and they would obey all the rules. If Mr. Dean, the Deputy, thought them sincere he would grant their request, and allow them to go back to their work with the understanding as to what they might expect should they violate their promise. I remember an instance in which a colored man was reported, and when placed in the tub begged so hard for mercy that the officer in charge instead of applying the battery, took a lead pencil from his pocket and ran it lightly up and down his back ; the poor fellow was so frightened that he thought the battery was being applied with full force, and exclaimed : "Oh, Lordy Massa ! if you jes take that 'bumble bee' off, I nevah do nothin' moah." The last mode of punishment is an invention by our present Warden, Noah Thomas. It is an arrangement made somewhat the shape of the spout on a sprinkling can, and is held so that the spray of water strikes the

man in the face, and by steady application will take away his breath which frightens him dreadfully. It is perfectly harmless, and is by far the best and most successful mode of punishment ever used in the prison.

ESCAPES.

David Kently escaped March 6, 1866, by cutting a hole through his cell floor and passing into the air chamber underneath the cell. Mr. Dean says it was the most complete beat the institution ever had. He suspicioned him of being up to some kind of devilment and had him changed to another cell for awhile; nothing further developing, he had him placed back in his old cell and that night he made his escape. He was never recaptured here, but finally landed in the Connecticut prison. Being watched very closely (the officials knew him to be a bad man) he finally became so desperate at being so completely handled, that one day he sent for the Warden, on some pretense, and when he came to the cell door Kently stabbed him with a knife he had fastened on the end of a broom handle which he had in his cell, killing him instantly, for which he was hanged in 1872.

Jacob Givens escaped from the front (he was the Warden's carriage driver) February 3, 1868. He was recaptured February 24, 1881; making thirteen years and twenty-one days he was away.

Chas. Vanscoy escaped in 1874 by scaling the wall.

Julius Bauer escaped September 20, 1875. He was working in the gas house at night and escaped from there. His guard had such confidence in him that he gave him permission to perform errands over the yard; this gave him plenty of time to plan and get ready means of escape. In the evening while the guard was eating his supper Julius bid good-bye to the O. P. and skipped. He was recaptured in July, 1880.

F. J. Kelley, from Cleveland, escaped in 1876, by hiring a boy to nail him up in a box and haul him out in his wagon for two hundred dollars. The boy completed his work—but instead of receiving the two hundred dollars he received a four years' sentence to the Reform Farm, which broke his poor old father's heart. Kelley was recaptured December 18, 1883, ("given away" by a brother, rumor says), and pardoned January 4, 1884, by Governor Foster. He seems to have led a very good life while a fugitive from justice, and had one of the strongest petitions ever presented, being signed by a number of our leading statesmen. Yet, while he was establishing a good record *outside*, his accomplice, W. S. Wiggins, who was sent up at the same time, has established a good record inside the prison. Many were very indignant over the pardoning of Kelley and not Wiggins, saying that Wiggins should have had the pardon and Kelley remained a prisoner.

Among the most daring escapes I shall mention was

Geo. W. Blackburn, James Carroll, and Mike Murray, in 1877. Murray and Carroll were at work on the new cell house that was being built at that time. They struck on the scheme of going out through the sewer. They laid their plan before Blackburn, who readily agreed, and on the night of December 18, 1877, they made the break. The sewer was built in an elbow shape and admitted only one at a time. They all started, Blackburn bringing up the rear. On reaching the outlet they found the opening closed by heavy iron bars; here they did not know what to do, finally they concluded to try breaking the bars with a hammer and chisel they had taken with them, and after several attempts they succeeded in breaking sufficient space to let them through, Carroll and Murray going first. When Blackburn tried it he stuck fast. Here was a dilemma—he could neither go forward nor back. As soon as the other two got out they ran away, leaving him to escape or perish. After several attempts, however, he slipped through and got away. He was finally captured on another charge and is now serving the whole sentence. In conversation with him recently he said when he had finished this term he would be through with all crookedness and meant to lead an honest life. He has several patents which, in a short time, will bring him quite a fortune. One he has already made quite a success.

In 1877 John F. Hunter, George Williams, Alf. Rumer and Joe Dubuque attempted an escape by tun-

nelling out from the engine room in the Patton contract, the distance being about thirty feet. They dug the tunnel to the wall, but owing to some misunderstanding they were discovered by Mr. Dean and their little scheme knocked in the head.

Robert Donnelly and Chas. Mason escaped in 1879 by scaling the wall one evening just after they had quit work.

George Grafton escaped from the guard room, September, 1880, and was recaptured in December of the same year.

On the 24th of October, 1880, Thos. O'Neil escaped; it was Sunday afternoon. He sawed the bar that holds the lock from his cell door, and making a paddy of the bedclothes, using his coat and pants to make it appear he was lying in bed, he then swung himself up from one range to another until he reached the top of the block; then by means of some twine and a *stool* he had procured, he climbed up the framework neath the roof, until he reached the ventilator. Here he remained until night, when he came forth from his hiding place and walked along the roof until he reached one of the chimneys on the front of the administration building; here he fastened his *rope* (made of three strands of small twine) around the chimney, and started for the ground. His rope was about thirty feet too short; he jumped this distance, spraining his ankle, while the twine had burned his hands fearfully. He got away,

and finally was recaptured in Indiana, where he was following his old games.

Joe Grubb and David Henderson escaped from the hospital by crawling through one of the small windows at the top used for ventilation.

There have been attempts to escape made which the officers discovered before they could succeed. One of the many attempts is the

HIDE OUT.

This plan is to hide away in the evening, just before bell time, and remain hidden until search is given up, then go over the wall; but there has never been an escape from hiding out, all the officers are required to remain at the prison until the man is found. They are divided into reliefs, and under command of the captain of the night watch they search every nook and crook. It is very annoying and fatigueing to the day officers to be compelled to remain and assist in the search, after having performed their day's work; but this they must do, and often the search lasts for three or four days and nights before the prisoner is found—and *found* they always have been. They usually supply themselves with provision—bread and meat—in order to satisfy nature, should they be obliged to remain concealed longer than they intended.

NOTED CRIMINALS.

We now turn our attention to the most noted criminals in the institution. No doubt the reader is familiar with the history of that horrible crime—the murder of Herman Schilling by Andrew Egner and Geo. Rufer, of Cincinnati, so we will pass this by and proceed to give a sketch of another Cincinnati man.

WILLIAM BLACKBURN

Was received October 12, 1878, from Hamilton county, for shooting a *policeman*. His term is twelve years; he is enrolled on the books as a common thief. His record prior to his incarceration is said to be very bad, and since coming to the prison he has continued, so far as in his power, to annoy the officers and make all the trouble he can. He has mutilated himself on several occasions to keep from work and get in the hospital. One time he deliberately poured molten iron into his boot; another time sank a hatchet into his foot; at one time he attempted cutting his throat, but owing to the dullness of the knife, and lack of the proper amount of nerve, the wound was very slight; he drank vitriol, which came near putting an end to him. He was locked up in the asylum for quite a while, but is now working in the toy shop, making children's carriages, where he will, perhaps, remain until he serves his full time.

WILLIAM V. TERRELL.

Is serving life sentence for the murder of the Weldon family. It is one of the most thrilling and cold-blooded murders on record. He murdered the family—brother, sister and daughter—for money. He is now lying in the hospital in the last stage of that dreaded disease, consumption.

MORGAN RICHARDS,

The murderer of Terrell's mother, is in the asylum. He is a very fierce looking fellow, although not boisterous, or even vicious, but is always talking to himself and making faces at any one who goes near him. He and Terrell occupied adjoining cells in the asylum until Terrell—who is insane also—was removed to the hospital.

JOHN RIDDLE,

The double murderer, is also in the asylum, not that he is crazy, but to keep visitors from seeing him and where he is safe from harming any one. Riddle was sent up from Shelby county for life, for the murder of Thomas Cargo in 1876. His wife, after trying to have him pardoned, finally procured a divorce and let him go. From that time on Riddle was a "holy terror." He played crazy, and would make the halls ring at night with his unearthly yells, but during the day was generally calm. On New Year's day, 1883, John became desperate and

seizing a hatchet that he had stolen and hidden some months previous, rushed up to a poor fellow prisoner and buried the blade of the hatchet in his temple. The name of the prisoner killed was Geo. Rauch, a twenty year man from Fairfield county; he was considered by both officers and prisoners one of the best prisoners in the shop. It was one of the most cowardly murders known in the history of the prison. Riddle was taken out and tried for murder, but owing to some very expert testimony hatched up by some of Ohio's eminent physicians, two out of the twelve jurymen concluded Riddle must have been insane. He will be tried again with probably the same result, as the anticipated change in the present administration will make it difficult to secure the witnesses who are acquainted with the case, they having moved away.

HENRY MARTIN

Is a colored man sent up from Greene county, March, 1878, charged with obstructing a railroad train. He is worthy of mention, not that he is a bad man, but on the other hand, he is one of the "trusties" of the prison, being employed at the gas works at night and allowed the privilege of the yard. He protests his innocence of the crime charged with, and many who know him are of the same opinion. He was arrested by Larry Hazen, a Cincinnati detective, who received the reward of a thousand dollars for his capture. Henry

claims it was a put up job to get the reward, but we know nothing of the matter further than he was tried, convicted and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary. He was very ignorant when received, not even knowing the alphabet, but with the aid of the officers, he has improved very rapidly and is now a good reader. He frequently memorizes passages of scripture and recites them in the Sunday morning prayer meeting. It is amusing to engage him in conversation, as he uses so many large words not found in Webster, but which seem to him to be perfectly proper. One time he called at the library and asked for "A book with the Axle Trees of Understanding," meaning a first reader with the alphabet. One of his favorite books is Uncle Tom's Cabin, which he has read several times; another is Stanley's Travels in Africa. His term of service is drawing to a close, he having less than two years yet to serve. There was an effort made the summer of 1883 to have him pardoned, but the governor refused, saying there was a remonstrance against it, and he must serve his sentence.

I. B. CHARLES,

From Hancock county, is serving out a life sentence for the murder of his wife and children by poisoning. He is rather a fierce looking man, but to see him performing his allotted task one would not for a moment think he would be guilty of so horrible a crime. He protests his innocence, claiming to be the victim of a deep con-

spiracy on the part of some would-be friends in the county. He is a good prisoner, causing no trouble whatever to the officers, and performing his daily labor faithfully.

V. D. WASHBURN

Was received from Summit county, Nov. 26th, 1870, sent for life for killing a man who had debauched his *wife* and was connected with other matters of a very gross character. He has a very bad countenance and is ill and hard to manage. There was an application made for his pardon but the people of Summit county remonstrated against it on the ground of his being a dangerous man and not fit to be at liberty. He met with an accident several years ago while running a slab saw in the Ohio Tool Co., Contract; two fingers of his right hand were sawed off. He was a soldier in the late war and has papers at Washington asking for a pension, claiming his health was injured while in the service.

JAMES ERWIN,

The murderer of his insane son, was sent up from Gallia county in the summer of 1880. It is one of the most sad cases that has ever come under my notice. His son had been in an asylum at two different times and when he became rational would be allowed to return to his home and family, being a married man. The father in telling the story says his son had a very violent

temper, and when things did not suit him he would fly into a passion and carry on desperately. At the time of the murder he had become angry with his *mother* and abused her terribly and he (the father) in trying to straighten matters became the beseiged, and, to prevent being killed himself, shot his son, killing him almost instantly. He said in conversation at one time that his son's wife was, to a very great extent, the cause of his son's trouble. Erwin is over sixty years of age and one of the best behaved prisoners in the institution.

JOHN COMLEY,

From Green county, is serving life sentence. He was received in 1878, for murder, and is working in Patton's foundry. He was very troublesome for quite a while after he came to the prison, being quarrelsome and ill, but recently there has quite a change come over him, for the better. He is now well behaved and doing his work in a quiet, orderly manner.

VALENTINE YESKE,

A Frenchman, from Cincinnati, was sent up in 1882, for cutting his wife's throat with a razor. From what I could learn from him, concerning the matter, his wife had become unfaithful to him, and after repeated trials upon his part to induce here to give up her life of shame, he became so enraged that he thought to take her life rather than have her continue this *downward course*. He

is insane and has been in the Prison Asylum almost the entire period of his incarceration. He has a beautiful, long, black beard (which he is allowed to wear) and in appearance is very gentlemanly. He is pleasant to converse with and at times talks very sensibly.

WILLIAM BELCHEM AND BURREL DUDLY,

Were sent from Hamilton county, and are serving life sentences for murder in the 2d degree. Belchem killed a man in Cincinnati. They had quarreled over some trivial affair when Belchem became so enraged that after killing him he stood upon the murdered man's body. Dudley killed his son, he claims, by accident, but does not deny that his intentions were to kill some one, and his son was the one who received the death blow. He is troubled with scrofula and recently had to be taken off the contract where he worked and placed where the work is lighter.

BENJAMIN ZWITCHER

Was prompted to the inhuman act of murdering his father by a *dream*. In giving the alleged cause for committing the crime he says: "I had been troubled for a long time with bad dreams, always dreaming I would be murdered by some one. At last I dreamed my *father* intended to murder me and in order to save myself I must murder him." He is insane and has

been confined in the Prison Asylum almost ever since he was received. He was sent from Belmont county in 1881.

LOU HOUK,

The Three Card Monte Man, was captured in California and brought to Delaware county to answer to the charge of murder. He shot and killed Paul Lohman, a drummer, on a Columbus and Toledo passenger train in February, 1878. He left for the west soon after committing the dastardly deed, and was so successful in eluding the detectives that five years elapsed before the long hoped-for tidings of his whereabouts became known. Jno. T. Norris, of Springfield, O., being the lucky man to find him and bring him to justice, but with great difficulties. He received a sixteen years' sentence and is now engaged in making chairs.

ROBERT GARNES,

Sent up from Union county, May 14, 1881, is known to have committed one of the most heartless and brutal murders ever recorded in history. It seems he had become infatuated with one of the family at whose house he was making his home, and as his affections were not reciprocated with that ardent feeling he desired, he became very jealous. But why did he select an innocent old lady, a boy of twelve years, and a sister, instead of the one whom he felt had caused this bitter feeling? The

lady to whom he was attached, and her sister, were invited by some friends out sleighing, and while they were away he came to the house and committed the horrible triple murder. He was not even suspicioned at first, but, as in almost all cases, his actions "gave him away" and he was arrested, tried, and found guilty of murder in the second degree. He is a light mulatto with almost an expressionless face. He is very unruly and has caused considerable trouble since his incarceration, having one of those peculiar ways that when he thinks he has done sufficient work he sits down and lets the rules of the institution be carried out without any resistance whatever.

THOMAS H. ARGO,

Sent up from Union County, January 17, 1884, has his share of public comment. His charge is the murder of his sister-in-law; his sentence twenty years. He is rather a nice looking man, above medium height, and about thirty years of age. The story of his crime as published in the newspapers is as follows: The body of his sister-in-law was found in the creek and the supposition at first was that she had committed suicide by drowning, but upon further investigation the *horrible* discovery was made that she had been murdered and her body placed in the water for concealment. Argo was not suspicioned at first, but his actions at the inquest and afterward, led to suspicion, and finally arrest, trial, and con-

viction. The people who attended the trial became so incensed at the testimony that was produced against him that they organized a mob to lynch him, and had it not been for the heroic and active movements of the sheriff to thwart them, he undoubtedly would have paid the penalty of his dastardly crime by swinging from some tree. When received at the prison and the great iron gate swung shut behind him he gave a deep sigh of relief and expressed himself as glad that he was inside the Ohio Penitentiary. Since his conviction and sentence there has been quite a current of items come to light charging him with the murder of his father and first wife (having been married twice) by poisoning, but as to the *truth* of these assertions the writer is unable to say. He is in Patton's moulding rooms with fair prospects of becoming a practical workman ere he regains his liberty.

JERRY LYNCH

Entered the Ohio Penitentiary for life July 20th, 1870, for the murder of Uriah Sears, of Cincinnati. He is a man of medium height, rather spare built, black hair and eyes; he was but twenty-three years old when received, but now he is looking much older than he really is. Prison confinement has plainly left its mark from anxiety and regret. Jerry is a good prisoner; in all the fourteen years of his imprisonment has he kept his record clear without *one* black mark. He is quiet and respectful to all, and does his work with neatness and

precision. Although his crime was one of the worst known at that time to the citizens of Cincinnati, the universal opinion of those whom I have heard speak of him is that he has fully atoned for his crime and ought to be liberated. I have heard there is a petition in circulation asking his pardon, which, if successful, will meet the hearty approval of all whom I have heard mention his case.

PHILIP STINEMETZ

Was sent from Lucas county April 12th, 1870, for life, his charge being murder in the first degree. He was sentenced to be hanged, but the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment by Governor Hayes. He denies that he ever committed the murder. His story is as follows: He and a boy (name not known) were out hunting, when the boy wanted to shoot at a mark, which he (Stinemetz) finally consented to let him do. The boy pointed the gun toward a house and fired; soon the discovery was made that the boy had killed some one in the house. But owing to facts brought to light at the trial, there remains but little doubt that *he* (Stinemetz) is the guilty one. He is working in the Hayden buckle shops. He is quiet and reserved, seldom asking his guard's permission for anything. His health has been exceptionally good, but at one time, nine or ten years after he was received, he became sick, and asked the guard to excuse him from work. The guard, seeing

he was sick, immediately gave him a pass to the hospital. Philip's first question upon receiving permission to go was: "Where is the hospital?" He had been there this length of time and did not know where the hospital was, as he had never had occasion to go there. There have been several efforts made for his release, but without success.

WILLIAM BERNER,

Whose verdict (guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment) aroused the people of Cincinnati to open violence of law and order, that they might be avenged upon the *mockery of law* they claim had been practiced upon them. Innocent people were hurled into eternity, and many homes made sad and desolate by the outbreak. To look at the boyish form and features of Berner, one can scarcely realize that *he* is the one who, both directly and indirectly, caused such an uprising of the people and the shedding of innocent blood; but undoubtedly it is the same William Berner, silently filling the moulds and cautiously watching his guard, thinking that in the eye of the officer he may ascertain whether or not his work is meeting with approval. He is seventeen years of age, fair complexioned, blue eyes and light hair, five feet eight inches in height, and weighs one hundred and forty pounds. His statistical record shows him as having a common school education. He was born in Cincinnati, and gave his

occupation as a clerk. His parents are living, and are members of the Episcopal Church. He was living at home with his parents at the time he committed the murder. While confined in jail he confessed to the terrible crime, and gave in detail how the murder was committed, but at the trial he plead "not guilty," and upon the prison register is shown that he did it by advice of his attorneys. When he arrived at the prison he presented a very forlorn and dejected appearance, having escaped from the officers who had him in charge at Loveland Junction, some distance from Cincinnati, by reason of the *mob* capturing the train. He wandered around for some time trying to wend his way back to the city, little dreaming of the *riot* and bloodshed that was at that very time taking place on account of him and his escape. The writer visited his cell the following morning after his arrival, and, upon asking him how he felt, he replied: "I feel badly; I wish I were out." I then told him what a terrible time they were having in Cincinnati on his account, and if he were *there* he would be *hanged*. He looked amazed, and seemed to think it incredible. I also asked him if he wanted any books, and his reply was: "Yes, send me a Bible." It was impossible for him to converse with any one without weeping bitterly, and his frightened look and distorted features were *prima facie* evidence of his suffering and feelings. Thus we leave him, hoping that such another

disastrous calamity may never again happen the Queen City or the State of Ohio.

SARAH A. VICTOR

Was convicted at the May term of Common Pleas Court of Cuyahoga county, in 1868, of the crime of murder in the First Degree, and was sentenced to be hanged on the 3d day of July, 1868. She became so worried and confused during her trial that at the time of her sentence she was unable to comprehend her situation, and finally became insane, and was placed in the Northern Asylum, near Cleveland. On the 12th day of November, 1868, by virtue of a warrant of commutation issued on that day by the Governor of Ohio, she was ordered to be imprisoned in the Penitentiary of the State of Ohio, *in solitary confinement for life*, which has since been carried into effect so far as the rules of the prison will admit. Mrs. Victor is of medium height, dark hair sprinkled with gray, and of a mild and pleasant appearance. In her younger days she was *handsome*, but years of imprisonment and constant worry have too plainly left their mark. When placed behind the prison bars she was still insane, and did not realize her condition or situation, until one day she received a paralytic stroke which caused her to fall, and the concussion of the fall restored her reasoning power, and from that time to the present she has been perfectly sane, and remembers everything that transpired at the trial, up to the verdict

and sentence. Then comes the *blank* in her life till she regains her mental faculties by the stroke. Much has been said of Mrs. Victor by the press, and it has added greatly to her sorrow. While I am writing this brief history of her for the benefit of the reader, I confine myself exclusively to the facts in her case, as have been told me by herself, and what I have seen from papers in her behalf praying the Governor for executive clemency. She said at first, and still says, "*I am innocent of the murder of my brother,*" and the echo by many of the leading men of Cleveland, and others who know of her case, is—"I believe she is innocent, and if she is *not* innocent, has she not suffered sufficiently to atone for all?" She was convicted, as shown by papers in the Governor's office, almost entirely on circumstantial evidence. One paper, signed by prominent men, reads: "Believing that public welfare does not require her for the imprisonment, and that the execution of the original sentence would be abhorrent to the moral sense of this community, we consider her a fit subject of executive clemency, and do therefore recommend her pardon." Yet there are those who never dream that anything short of the full sentence would be just, no testimony come to light that could in any way change the verdict. I have known Mrs. Victor personally for the past four years, and can truthfully say that in all conversations with her regarding her supposed crime and conviction I have failed to find the least testimony that would sus-

picion her as guilty of such a crime as she is charged with. Often have I heard her say: "Why should I want to take the life of *my brother*, who was always kind and loving, while I had plenty to make me comfortable?" She occupies her time doing fancy needle work and reading. She seems cheerful, and is always pleasant and agreeable to talk with. Last summer a petition was circulated asking for her pardon, and all who were asked to sign it did so with a willingness that shows plainly that public sentiment in general is with Mrs. Victor and not the *court*. There are several hundred names of men in high standing signed to the paper, yet there is some technical point to reach before the great iron gates swing open for her exit, and the hearts of her many friends made glad by the fact that Sarah A. Victor is *free*.

ELLEN ANN ATHEY

Is serving a life sentence for the murder of Mary Senef, in Tuscarawas county, in 1881. She is rather low in stature and quite stout; she has a pleasant countenance, and since her incarceration has conducted herself in a quiet, lady-like manner, winning the respect of the officers with whom she comes in contact. As in the case of Mrs. Victor, the newspapers have expanded very largely in her case, which has caused her many bitter tears. I shall give the facts as far as I know and not dwell unnecessarily. The story as told me

is: Mrs. Athey and Mary Senef were cousins and Mary had come to Mrs. Athey's house to live as a domestic. One evening they went to a neighbor's house to spend the evening and while on their way home a subject was broached that was to *Mrs. Athey*, or any other *wife*, very painful as well as aggravating, namely—that Mary had on different occasions been too intimate with Mrs. Athey's husband. They, however, reached home, and, as the testimony at the trial shows, prepared to sleep together (Mr. Athey being absent on business) when, before retiring for the night, the subject was again brought up, which ended in the *murder* of Mary. The body was found several days later in a stream of water running near the house in which they lived. At the trial it was shown that the murdered girl was first buried in an ash heap near the house, and Mrs. Athey's acknowledgment to her husband and brother disclosed to them the horrible *fact* of the murder, and they removed the body to the creek where it was discovered. Mrs. Athey is the Matrons' cook, and attends to her duties with quiet diligence noticable by all. Her prison record is exceptionally good. She spends her leisure time reading good and instructive books.

FLORENCE GOLDSBOROUGH

Was received Nov. 20th, 1882. Her charge is grand larceny; term—seven years. She is thirty-eight years

old, small in stature, black hair (which she wears parted at the side and which gives her a masculine appearance) and black eyes. She is serving her fourth term which will, no doubt, impress the reader that Florence has been a bad girl, but since her last incarceration she has conducted herself well, and as yet has a clear record. Several years ago she conceived the idea that if she were to dress in male attire her path through this world of weal and woe might be somewhat smoother and more pleasant, than were she to wear the petticoats and flounces, therefore in male attire she started out. Her first undertaking in the line of work was house-painting, she readily learned to handle the brush and mix the paints, earning for herself a reputation worthy the note of a professional. The summer following her arrival at the prison, she painted the woodwork of the interior of the female department, and the designs of border and blendings of delicate colors show her to be well skilled in the profession. At one time, being out of employment, she went to Cleveland and hired to the Street Railway Company as car driver, remaining there quite a long time, and from accounts, rendered satisfaction. She afterward migrated to Columbus and found employment as assistant shipping clerk in some wholesale hardware store. Next we find her in Cincinnati clerking in a drug store, then in Coshocton, Ohio, as hostler in a livery stable. Leaving this place she went back to Cincinnati, and drove a delivery wagon and was

there arrested for disguising in male attire but was released with the understanding that she would leave the city, which she was only to glad to do. She again came to Columbus and finally hired as a farm hand to some farmer living near the city, where she was still working when arrested for the present charge. She says she is innocent of the charge, that the money was stolen by a discarded son of the farmer, who was driven from the parental roof on account of his worthlessness. We know nothing of this matter, however, and only give *her* story of it. We do know she was found guilty and sentenced to seven years imprisonment. The matron said of her recently, in conversation with the writer, that she is one of the best behaved prisoners under her charge.

By way of concluding this part we will give a brief account of

DARING ROBERT McKIMIE,

Who is looked upon by all who have ever heard of him, as a *desperado*, was received from Highland county in 1879, for five years, for burglary. He was afterward taken to the counties of Pike and Ross, each giving him five years, making in all fifteen years he is to remain an inmate of the O. P., unless sooner discharged by reason of good conduct. Bob's past record is extremely bad, even should one-half that has been told be true. In 1872 he was captain of a gang of highway robbers in

the west, and a band of outlaws on the frontier, but they finally made it too hot for him and he skipped for the east to avoid stretching *hemp*. He came to Ohio, the home of his childhood, and started in business, after marrying a farmer's daughter, in Highland county, but the detectives soon traced him to his hiding place and captured him in 1878. He escaped from jail by overpowering the turnkey and threatening to shoot him with a revolver furnished him by a woman who occasionally visited him. He traveled over the west and at last returned to Highland county, and with others engaged in the old crimes of burglary and robbery. He had some trouble with one of his pals who afterward betrayed him and caused his second arrest, after a desperate struggle for liberty; he fought till the last, being wounded several times before surrendering. He remarked upon entering the prison, "I'll stay but a short time," but at this writing, Bob is still within the walls, a sadder, if not a wiser man. He is working in the Cooper Shop.



PART II.

Interesting Statistics—Number of Prisoners—Those Serving the Longest Period—The Alleged Cause of Conviction—Intoxication—Age of Self Support—Nativity—Educational Statistics—The Family Relation—Parental Church Relations—Occupation Prior to their Arrest—Terms of Sentence—Personal Pleas—The Use of Tobacco—The Library—The Favorite Books—Letters from Home—How they are Received—Poem—No Letter yet—Paper Mail—The Class of Papers Admitted—The Work of Handling the Mail, and the Class of Convicts Employed to Distribute, after Examination.

INTERESTING STATISTICS.

There are now confined within the walls of the Ohio Penitentiary about fourteen hundred prisoners, twenty of the number being females. The number is seldom the same for two days, as they are being discharged almost daily by expiration of sentence, some are pardoned, and occasionally one dies. The death rate is about twenty a year, and *pardons*, nearly seventy five. There have been one hundred and seventy-six lifetime prisoners received in the institution since 1835, of

which number eighty-seven are there to-day, leaving a difference of ninety-one that have been removed by pardon and death. Ferdinand Seitz served the longest period, being a prisoner thirty-five years, three months and twenty-six days. He was pardoned by Gov. Foster in 1881. He was sent from Hamilton county for murder in the second degree. Horace Brooks comes next on the list, having served thirty-one years, eight months and two days. W. Buckmaster was received Oct. 15th, 1860. He has served over twenty-four years, and is still living, but is now in very feeble health. John C. Corder has been an inmate of the Ohio Penitentiary for over eighteen years and is hale and hearty; he works in the cooper shop, getting his work done in time to rest or go to the Deputy's or Chaplain's office for a chat. He seems perfectly resigned to his lot and is always pleasant and gentlemanly when addressed by any one.

Among the number who give the alleged cause for their crimes we find many who were advised by their attorneys to plead guilty in order to receive lighter sentence. Bad company is also given by many, especially the boys and young men; some plead ignorance of the law, which, no doubt, is the truth in some cases. Destitution is given, their plea being, they could not procure work, and would not starve. Insanity is given in a few cases; also revenge is one of the many causes. In one instance, I remember a German of the name Ru-

dolph Ladda, who set fire to his employer's barn, burning a large amount of grain, because he did not receive a small sum of money which he claimed was due him. He is now serving a twelve years' sentence for the rash act. Quite a number plead self-defense. I have noticed in two or three instances the naughty word *spite*, as a given cause. Others are sharp enough to know that by pleading guilty they will get off with a lighter sentence, as the cost of prosecution is generally considered when the prisoner stands trial. Occasionally we see one who says the *temptation* was so strong he could not resist. One case only is shown where pleading guilty to save a parent from disgrace—a *young woman pleads guilty to the charge of larceny to save her father* who was sure of being convicted should she remain silent. Last but not *least*, is the old, old cause—

INTOXICATION.

“I was drunk, or I never should have thought of committing the crime,” how often do we hear. Nearly two-thirds of the pleas of guilty are, when traced back, directly or indirectly through *intoxication*. Yet, while the cry is everywhere around us—“*Whiskey* is the cause of my trouble; if it had not been for *whiskey* I might have held a prominent place in society.” They must all, on reflection, arrive at the same conclusion—have *man* enough to resist the dreaded cup. It all remains

with them whether they shall resist and banish the accursed *stuff*, or whether they shall go down to ruin and disgrace, the Penitentiary, or a drunkard's grave. The records show nearly one thousand out of the fourteen hundred to be of *intemperate* habits.

Nearly one-seventh of the number of prisoners are colored, showing a greater number of colored than is in proportion to the population of colored and white in the State. This is largely attributed to the fact that the colored man is not so well acquainted with the law, or in other words, ignorance of the law as shown in the alleged causes.

Boys under twenty-one years of age number nearly two hundred—young men just starting out in life, making the Penitentiary the first step—some are only sixteen years of age. How sad that mother must feel to see her boy go to ruin, after she has toiled, almost worn her life out, to raise him to be a comfort to her in her old age. Boys, you who read these columns, never forget the teachings of father and mother, they may seem too exact at times, may expect too much of you, seemingly, but think for a moment—is it not prompted by their *love* for you? Is it not because your future welfare and happiness is ever on their minds? Who of you could truthfully answer, “no?”

SELF SUPPORT.

Almost three hundred, as shown in the statistical

records, left home under fifteen years of age, intending to earn their own living or perhaps, as is often the case, help to support a widowed mother, a little brother or sister.

NATIVITY.

There are about two hundred prisoners in the institution who were foreign born, Germany having the greatest number, there being nearly thirty; Ireland stands next with about twenty; England has fifteen. There are here represented Australia, Bolivia, France, Holland, Nova Scotia, Prussia, Switzerland, Scotland, Spain and Wales. There was recently received one who gave the ocean as his birthplace. The reader will see that nearly all nations of the world are represented in the Ohio Penitentiary.

We will now proceed to give the

EDUCATIONAL STATISTICS.

There are about seventy-five prisoners who can neither read nor write, nearly the same number who can only read, and about eight hundred who can read and write, two hundred having a common school education; this signifies a fair knowledge of all the branches taught in our public schools. There are a number who have high school and collegiate educations. I know prisoners personally, who are drudging out their long

sentences, who are, as far as educational qualifications are concerned, competent of holding high positions as instructors of our modern languages. But such is fate. To look upon the wrecks of fallen humanity one may well say—we are living in a world of *wonders*.

THE FAMILY RELATIONS.

Show that nearly two-thirds of the inmates are single men, which, to say the least, speaks in fair terms of those who have taken upon themselves the holy bonds of matrimony. Many a wife, as well as mother, has saved the erring one from the penitentiary by loving words and tender pleadings.

PARENTAL CHURCH RELATIONS

Will, no doubt, be interesting to the reader. First we will take the Methodists (all bodies), which shows the largest number, there being one hundred and fifty who claim their parents were Methodists. The Catholics rank next, the number being nearly the same as Methodists. There are Baptists, Episcopalians, Disciples, German Reform, Lutherans, Friends, Dunkards, Presbyterians, United Brethren and Jewish; also quite a number who were not members of any church, and some who do not know whether their parents were

members of church or not, as the parents died when the children were quite small.

We now give the various

OCCUPATIONS

Prior to their imprisonment. The greater number are enrolled as common laborers; but we see book keepers, clerks, commercial agents, farmers, lawyers, mechanics, peddlers, physicians, saloon keepers, stenographers, sailors, school teachers, telegraphers, and followers of various other vocations, all enrolled on the books for crime, and some of the very deepest dye.

TERMS OF SENTENCE.

Over one thousand of the number enrolled are serving sentences from one to ten years; over one hundred are serving from ten to twenty years, and eighty-seven for life. Before closing this chapter I will add that, as a general thing, the lifetime prisoner is the best behaved man in the prison. He gives less trouble, is more respectful to the officers and performs his allotted task more readily and willingly than those who have shorter sentences. There are several reasons why this is the case: one is, being sentenced for *life* their only hope of ever being liberated is through the executive clemency of the Governor, and when application is made for par-

don the Governor invariably sends to the Warden of the prison for the record showing his behavior since his incarceration; should it be good it adds much to his chances for release; if bad, it adds considerably to his chances for staying a while longer. Another reason is: as a general thing the lifetime man is more intelligent (there are exceptions) and soon learns that the right way is the better way and governs himself accordingly, while on the other hand a short-time prisoner thinks he has but a short time to stay at the farthest, and becomes restless and daring, taking chances in doing some sly work. But soon the ever-watchful eye of his guard is resting on him and the next thing over he goes to the deputy, then to the punishing room, and when the clerk reads the offense list, there is his name with one, two or five days' time taken from him, which means he has lost the benefit of the good time allowed him and his record broken, while the lifetime man glides on, a good prisoner.

PERSONAL PLEAS.

The number who plead guilty is but little over half the number received. There are about ninety prisoners who have been in prison before; some serving the third, fourth, fifth, and even *sixth* terms. There recently died in the hospital an old man of the name Miller, who was serving his sixth sentence for horse

stealing. He was "given away" the last time by leaving a leather cane, which had been made in the prison, in the stable from which he had taken the horse. In his hurry he forgot it, and when search was made it was found and soon identified by some one who knew him and had seen him have it. He said he was guilty every time except the first, being entirely innocent of that charge.

TOBACCO

Is a great comfort to the "boys," and they nearly all use it. Warden Thomas, in order to supply the demand with a better quality and with less expense, started a manufactory, which has, so far, proved successful. They receive a four ounce plug every Saturday night which is far superior in quality to that which they were formerly supplied with, and double the amount. The steward purchases the tobacco by the hogshead, from tobacco dealers in Cincinnati, which enables him to examine and purchase nothing but a good article.

LIBRARY.

The prison library contains nearly eight thousand books, classified as follows: Bibles, Bible Commentaries, Testaments, School Books, Regular Library Books, and Periodicals.

Each prisoner is furnished with a catalogue of the Library, which contains the rules governing it, showing how they are to order and take care of their books. This was adopted during the last administration. The former way was considered an injustice to the prisoners. They were changed from one cell to another and the prisoner seldom, if ever, got the kind of reading matter he desired, while under the present arrangement, the Librarian is familiar with the class of reading matter each prisoner desires, and can, to a great extent, supply him with it. The condition of the Library at this writing is first class in every respect; none but standard works have been purchased and all pernicious reading matter has been destroyed. The prisoners, as a rule, prefer light reading, and consequently books of fiction are in the greatest demand, nearly two-thirds of the orders received are for books of fiction. Some become poetical in their requests, for example :

“ Please send me a book wherein the sage
Commits a murder on every page ;
And were suicides are dispersed
Throughout the book in charming verse.
If any such are in your possession,
Pray send me one, or make confession,
That 'tis against the rules of the institution
To make of such books a distribution. ”

Davy Crocket is almost daily called for, and Kit Car-

son is also a great favorite. After carefully studying by what method the minds of those who had been reading the low, trashy literature could be turned to a higher and more beneficial class of reading matter, it was decided to try humorous works, which have proved to a great extent quite successful. There has been purchased every humorous work that could be found in print. You will find in the library all of Mark Twain's works, Josiah Allen's writings, Wit and Wisdom, by Smith, and even a number of copies of Peck's Bad Boy. Many have expressed the pleasure derived upon finding one of these laughable books in his cell when he returned from his daily toil, tired in body and depressed in spirit. But the one great joy for the lonely one is

A LETTER FROM DEAR ONES AT HOME.

The letter mail numbers over seven hundred a week, and in that number both joy and sorrow are mingled. In one you read—"We are all well, and think of you often;" while in the next you may read,—the tear stains and black border are more significant even than words—in a few broken words, the story of the death of the *dearest one* on earth to the *lonely convict*. Words can never express the bitter anguish that is experienced almost daily in those lonely cells. The letters are all opened at the Clerk's office, under the direction of the Warden, and should there be money enclosed it is taken out and properly credited to the prisoner. Then the

letters are passed to the Chaplain's office, and each one carefully read before passing it to the prisoner, in order to see that nothing is written that would be injurious to the convict or the institution. Huge plans for escape have been prevented in this way. The letters are then marked and delivered to the cells, where they (the prisoners) find them upon entering to be locked up for the night. The prisoners—those who keep their record clear—have the privilege of writing once a month. This was recently adopted, and works very satisfactorily. Under the old rule they were allowed to write only once every three months, while under the present rule they can write once a month so long as they conduct themselves properly. Many convicts who were incorrigible prior to the adoption of this system are now conducting themselves properly, and do, with smiling faces, approach the Deputy, and say: "My time is to write; my record is clear; *may I write?*" Mr. Dean's reply is: "Yes, my boy, here is a ticket." Thus hearts are made glad with the thought of having the privilege of writing to father, mother, wife, sister and brother, telling them how they received the privilege to write, the length of time yet to stay before they can meet them at the home circle. Some grow restless at delay or silence, and think their friends have forsaken them. There was recently found in a cell occupied by a man named Roberts the following verses:

“ Days drag their lengthened chains along,
And weeks together knit ;
I watch and hope and wait,
Yet still in doubt I sit.

No letter yet ! A thousand thoughts
In quick rebellion start,
And crowned with unnumbered ills
Within this watching heart.

You are forgetful now, perhaps,
Of your promise to write ;
Others may occupy your thoughts,
But please write to me to-night.

The days drag on their weary length,
Yet still I trust to *fate* ;
And still rewarded I may be
If still I watch and wait.”

We will now give a brief history of the

PAPER MAIL.

No doubt people who know nothing of the institution think the convicts know nothing of what is happening upon the outside, but in this they are greatly mistaken. There are nearly three thousand weekly newspapers from all parts of the United States distributed among the prisoners every week. Daily papers are not ad-

mitted, not on account of objectionable matter there might be contained therein, but it would be impossible to handle them properly, as each paper has to be examined closely, and if all right, the name, number, and number of cell to which it belongs must be written on the margin in *red ink*, the rules of the library. Should the paper be placed in the wrong cell by mistake it is easily discovered and rectified. Many attempts to convey to prisoners articles of some description contained in newspapers, have been discovered, which necessitates constant watching. As to their being posted on outside matters they most assuredly are. You or I will take up a paper, glance over the locals, and lay it aside; the convict grasps it eagerly and does not *think* to lay it down until he has completely devoured every word it contains and in many cases they have been known to *memorize* every word and repeat it to themselves while at their work. They have other ways of obtaining news; there are always employed in the working shops a number of citizens, and through them they receive news, although it is strictly forbidden.

Among the papers received are the New York Sun and Herald, Cincinnati Enquirer, Gazette and News Journal, Chicago Times, Tribune and Witness, St. Louis Globe-Democrat and Republican, and many papers from other cities. The first paper they ask for is the one from the county from which they were sent, showing plainly their first thoughts are of home and friends.

Many prisoners have no friends, or if they have they (friends) are not aware of their incarceration, consequently they are compelled to get the paper from some convict friend after he has fully satisfied himself with its contents. The rules governing papers allow one transfer, by sending the paper to the library with the name and number of the one he wishes to have it. The name is written in red ink, same as explained before, with the word "transfer" added, showing how the paper was changed to the other cell.

The work of handling the papers, books and letters requires more mental and physical labor than is generally supposed. It requires an excellent memory and a good classical education on the part of the convicts employed in that work. The newspaper men usually enlarge wonderfully when a convict, who has figured in high life on the outside gets a position as clerk in library or hospital, or some "soft snap," as they term it, but if they would only think or investigate a little before writing such articles, they would find (as the officers of the prison well know) few convicts who are qualified to be placed in such positions, as there is more than educational qualifications to be considered. Their education may be good, their *record* may be bad, therefore they could not be entrusted to these places.

PART III.

Literary Prisoners—The Last Greeting—The Liquor Dealer's Reflection—The Exile—Friend Jake's Letter—The Moonshiners—Never Lost Sight Of—To a Lady Friend—The Prisoner's Lament—The Ohio River Sufferers—James A. Garfield *In memoriam*—The Old Church Bell—Song of the Dude—On the Fifth Tier—A Refusal—De White Family, as Viewed by an Old Negro—Sad Reflections—The Convict's Lament—That Humming Bird—The Far Golden West—A Letter to the Governor.

LITERARY PRISONERS.

To show the reader that there are natural born poets confined in the Ohio Penitentiary, I shall give a few selections from the many I have in my possession. The following poem was written shortly before the writer was discharged from the prison. The sentiments of the poem shows with what feelings of delight they grasp at liberty.

THE LAST GREETING.

Adieu, heavy walls ! sad realms of despair,
Detached isolation of sorrow and care ;
In thy sequestered rounds these seven years long,
I've been plodding and toiling and weaving my song.

But now never more ; my thralldom is past,
And swept 'neath the wave of oblivion's blast.
Oh! welcome, thrice welcome, my happy release,
When waiting and longing forever shall cease.

I'll away to the fields where the cool zephyrs blow,
And hyacinths, daisies and daffodils grow ;
Once more on my brain to re-image their form,
As the sun paints its beams on the wings of the storm.

Though naught can avail to restore thy glad hour,
When once I carol'd in my Olympian bower,
Where the deep tangled pinewood o'erarched the bright stream,
And veiled my retreat from the sun's scorching beam.

On that landscape serene 'twill be rapture to gaze,
And renew the bright scenes of my halcyon days ;
I'll away to my mother, but ah ! I'm afraid
That down in the churchyard a corpse she's been laid.

If so, to her grave I shall straightway repair,
And write her a tribute while I mourn in despair ;
I'll go to my brother who scoffs at my name,
Because his escutcheon I've tarnished with shame.

His pride I have wounded and pierced to the core,
But I'll go and try woo him to love as of yore ;
I'll away to my sister who lives by the glade
Where together in childhood oft times we have played.

And strayed through the wildwood that skirted the farm,
Or played "hide and go seek" in grandfather's barn;
Farewell, my companions, who with me have shared
The toils and privations alike we have fared.

Oh! what would I give without stint or compare,
To have you go with me my freedom to share;
But alas, and alack! with time and the tide,
'Tis the fiat of heaven that man must abide.

Be constant and dutious, hopeful and brave,
With Christ for thy pilot go battle the wave;
Labor on! journey on! though in anguish and grief,
Till a beacon from heaven shall signal relief.

Farewell, Executives! I bid you adieu,
And a word of advice I'll venture to you;
Ye whom it is given the scepter to wield,
Write "peace" on thy banner and "love" on thy shield.

And the Father who sees it most surely will heed
Thy challenge of mercy and prosper the deed,
Farewell, oh, farewell! once more I exclaim
Ere I'm wafted away from the portals of shame.

To my ancestral home where the mountains and skies
Kiss good-night, and blue hills in the distance arise,
There, 'neath the green turf where the myrtle tree blows,
Let my bones and my ashes in silence repose.

The following was composed by a convict showing the evils of intemperance and his experience as a saloon keeper.

THE LIQUOR DEALER'S REFLECTIONS.

A liquor dealer I have been for twenty years or more ;
I forced myself to believe it right because licensed by the law ;
But *license* does not make it right to poison young and old ;
It's sûrely poison—nothing else—for twenty years I sold

Many thousand drinks I mixed with smooth and smiling face
That were more fatal than the bloodiest war to destroy the
human race.

There is poor old Peter Wilson, we were friends from boy-
hood up.

'Tis I that made him what he is—I pressed him to take the
fatal cup.

He once was erect and manly, now he staggers through the
street ;

The children even mock him and call him "drunken Pete."
How many crimes and deaths I've caused *God* alone can tell ;
How many once bright happy homes are now a perfect hell.

Nothing that gives health or life do I add to the people's
store ;

I take the father's hard-earned cash and bring want before
his door.

I fill the penitentiaries, cause misery, want and shame ;
For, every act of violence done, the dealer is to blame.
We are murderers and criminals sanctioned by the law ;
And the judges who grant the license are on equal par.

The man that casts his vote against what's called sumptuary
laws,
Is a friend of the whisky dealer for he opens wide the door ;
With us he shares the credit of filling early graves,
Debasing human nature and making freemen slaves.

The next selection was written by Elmore A. B. Thomas, from Preble county, who is serving life sentence. It will be necessary before giving the poem, to give the reader a brief history of Elmore's case, in order to have him fully understand the sentiment. From his own story I learned that he had considerable property when he got into trouble, but since his incarceration his relatives have all forsaken him, and he claims "got away" with all his money. He is considered one of the trustiest prisoners inside the walls and is always pleasant and polite to all he meets. The title of the poem is

THE EXILE.

Dying, dying, slowly dying, no more the world to roam ;
Deep in my heart I'm sighing for loved ones and for home ;
It pains me, oh ! my brother dear, and yet I hold no malice
Because I see I'm dying here, while you live in a palace.

The thought of dying troubles not, but to die at home, I want;
It touches such a tender spot the way I see men taunt;
We were together till the war, since—what a different fate—
It breaks my heart to tell it for I see it is too late.

Some say the fault is all my own, yes, lay it at my door;
If truth to these were only known they'd lie cut to the core;
There is a cause for everything, a stumbling block somewhere,
A misled people often bring about a thing unfair.

Though thrust in prison as I am, taught to protect so-called
society.

If the perjurers sending me were caught they'd see the im-
propriety;

Difference 'tween myself and society, is, they show the same
impiety,

And then they play the cunning elves by caging *me* to pro-
tect themselves.

When it comes to talk about society, can they outrank me or
my name?

Come right down to pure piety I have a preferred claim;
I know I've not been what I should, I see I've been a tool
For those who used me that could, and then made me the
fool.

But, brother dear, I see one fact, just why my trouble came,
Bad men and I came in contact who swore to a false claim;
We may not see the mystery cleared for which I now atone,
But why, oh! why, are loved ones steered by men who de-
ceive alone?

Oh! could some men but see their sin how quickly they
would atone;

Oh! could they in my place have been when they each cast
a stone;

Perhaps you think, what does he mean, of whom does he
complain?

Of the slander and perjury plainly seen binding me with a
chain.

Of course the first cause is remote and would take a deep,
deep mind

To see just why I have been smote, and a public made so
blind;

I know that I have sinned, I see, and as often did repent,
But to force the criminal unto me—their labor is *misspent*.

I'll hold my head as high in prison as though I were set free;
The looking glass God has in heaven, *my face*, that's proof
for me;

My brother dear, words cannot tell the feeling of my heart;
If I should die watch my boy well and act a brother's part.

Whatever faults we all may have, I love all, all the same;
If I should fill a felon's grave you know just how it came;
When I came into this prison my heart was pure as snow;
I repented of sin but mistakes arisen estimated me far too low.

It stabs me to the heart to think how people are deceived;
Because I sinned and took to drink must I be misbelieved?
Dear ones, adieu! remember me, I am innocent of this crime,
And I hope yet to *live* to see the lie found out sometime.

Oh! sum this up, although in rhyme, a poem by a sinner ;
Yet should at heart I do a *crime* I must yet be a *beginner*.

This is a letter written by a prisoner to a friend and arranged in rhyme :

Your welcome letter, my dear friend Jake, I received with pleasure and now undertake to answer you, although at this late day, but I would have written sooner could I had my way. We are allowed once a month to write, I had to wait their pleasure ere I could you indite. Jake, it gives me pleasure, indeed, to know you think of me still, your kindness shall be remembered by deaf, unlucky Bill ; for it seems my friends are few in the town of Troy since for perjury to the "pen" was sent the deaf Canadian boy, who takes his dose of medicine like a little man, with only fourteen months to stay, then freedom once again. Jake, will you ask Frank Long why he writes no more to me, and why "The Weekly Chronicle" no more I get to see ? And also ask him why, or if he don't propose, to send me a little hankerchief to wipe my little nose. Also tell Laura Nolan I class *her* in the ranks of friends who have not failed to write, for which I send my thanks. Tell your employer, "George," that it would do me good, to once more 'tend a shooting match down in the Adams' wood. Remember me to all, I've not space to name them here, tell J. B. Franks I hardly think to

me he is acting fair ; no letter does he write, it grieves and wounds my pride, to think that he should soon forget and cast poor Bill aside. If there's aught that I have done that from writing to refrain, I hope in justice to myself (through you) the matter he'll explain. Now, Jake, I suppose you would like to know something about my work ; I am on the Hayden's Contract, my position, foreman's clerk, and general roustabout, the work is not very hard, but over us (ye gods!) we have a *stern* but upright Guard; who uses all alike, no favor does he show, if any disobey the rules to the "*bath tub*" does he go ; and there in nature's garb, with bandage on his eyes, he gets hydraulic pressure from hose three inch in size. My record yet is good, I'll try not cross the boundary line, then if I miss the punishment I'll be entitled to short time. Now, Jake, I think I've told you all the news you care to know, unless I also mention we have a heap of snow; and outside sleighing, I presume, is hailed with shouts of joy, by all the gay and festive youths about your town of *Troy*. I nearly forgot to tell you of a fire here this morn in P. Hayden's shipping room, the windows are badly torn; as though it was quite serious and took a deal of pains, and lots of water to quench the all-devouring flames. Now, Jake, I'll have to close, for lack of writing space, by asking in your next to send a picture of your face ; I'll make a little frame, hang it near my little shelf, and when I look upon the face I'll think about yourself. I wish you

would send a lead pencil with eraser on the end, it will promptly be delivered from Jacob to his friend; with my kindest wish to all, may God protect the right; victory is not always won by the strongest in the fight. Write soon and often—Good Bye.

W. E. Y.

THE MOONSHINERS.

Down in the southern mountains,
With no outlet to the world,
There where the gushing fountains
O'er the rocky chasms whirled,
Concealed in these dark recesses
The "moonshiner" has his still;
All on earth that he possesses
Is centered in his will.

He has no place to sell his grain,
But speedy sale for whisky;
A scanty living he can gain,
Although it may be risky.
These mountaineers are very poor,
The babe oft wears a fox skin;
The huts they live in have no floor,
And the wife ne'er saw a hair pin.

They are innocent in their way as sheep;
They think their "still" not wrong;
And remember they are going to keep

“Moonshining” right along.
Our government seems to be quite jealous
In hunting these poor sheep;
Are our government officers honest, tell us?
No! not even in their sleep.

Just see the government whisky frauds,
Babcock and Belknap swindles,
And Star Route Robbers—Oh! ye gods!
Post tradeships, U. S. revenue dwindles.
How flimsy then for U. S. men,
For a blind, to be so risky
In hunting these poor beggars, when
Their life is in their whisky.

NEVER LOST SIGHT OF.

Ah! those precious words, I met them
In a volume well worn with age,
As my scanning eye glanced over,
Lightly running over every page.

No, never lost sight of, ever present,
To that Almighty, All-seeing eye,
To that mind divine, where wisdom
And all its highest secrets lie.

And my thoughts grew deep and deeper,
Till I imagined I could see

Looks paternal, merciful and tender,
Fixed, yes, fixed with tender love on me.

In his vast designs, I am needed
To fulfill some humble part
That the builder needs for structure,
Or the painter for his art.

Not a sparrow falls unheeded
Beneath our Father's paternal eye ;
See the flowers how he clothes them
With each pure and lovely dye.

Feeds with love the feathered warblers,
Through their brief but joyous hours,
While they hymn their lays in gladness
Amid the sunshine and the flowers.

TO A LADY FRIEND.

When first I saw your smiling face,
Your laughing eyes, your perfect grace,
Your lovely charms and innocent glee,
'Twas then you captivated me.

And now the emotions of my heart
With tender feelings of love impart,
Impart to you in accents wild
That my poor heart you have beguiled.

How Cupid, with unerring aim,
With breath of love has fanned a flame ;
The dart has pierced a vital part,
And love alone can heal the smart.

With passionate love I now implore,
I plead with all a lover's power,
That you will, with a woman's art,
Heal or take the broken heart.

Now, dearest lady, do not spurn
My ardent love, but in return
Vouchsafe to me the thought sublime
That I may win your love in time.

And lead me not in treacherous chase,
That I may empty air embrace ;
But gently lay the scepter down,
Then you, my queen of love, I'll crown.

And if you thus with love incline,
With future bliss our lives entwine,
With joy and pleasure reign supreme,
No sorrow o'er our pathway gleam.

But if my feelings you deride,
And cast my warmest love aside,
I'll not reprove, but come what will,
My heart's *ideal* I'll call you still.

THE PRISONER'S LAMENT.

O'er the brick-trodden pavement in prison yard treading,
While stern is the *Guard* who does march by our side,
What woes wring my heart, and what tears I am shedding,
When thoughts of the past through my memory glide.

Ye stern visaged Justice who caused me to tremble
When it was decreed I to prison must go,
And there mix with those that fate does assemble,
Where there's nothing but solitude, misery and woe.

No more through the streets of Troy's pleasant city,
I'll wander no more by the Miami shore;
For those who will meet me, will look but in pity,
And shun now the one that they once did adore.

No more will I feel love's soft thrill in my breast,
But to strange foreign lands I'll sail the seas o'er;
And then with the stranger my ashes shall rest
Unlamented—unknown will I be evermore.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

I sought upon an autumn eve, a ruin now deserted, old,
Amidst a wilderness of leaves and rugged rocks so bold,
Where stood the tall majestic pines whose sighing branches
seemed to say,
As they were touched by gentle winds, "We, too, must perish
—pass away."

I saw the yawning roofs decay, I saw the yellow leaves of
years,
All damp with mould, in corners lay and shadows all around
appears ;
I saw the chimney place of brick, the oven's empty space
below,
The fire-place with ashes thick that once was radiant with
its glow.

And here were hollows round and small, seemed made by
some arm chair,
As tilted back against the wall was solid comfort taken there ;
And as I reached the tottering stair, with sweeping glance
I see
That all is desolation there, where once was full of glee.

And while I stand and gaze upon this house where joy twines
The crumbling frame, so nearly gone, 'midst those majestic
pines,
It seems to say, "My life has flown that once with joy was
fed,
Its echoes from these walls are gone, and I'm deserted—
dead."

Then after death, ah! who can tell, like a ruined house are we ;
Our body is only but the shell, and we the tenant be.

During a conversation with one of the Sunday School
prisoners at the time of the recent overflow of the Ohio

river, he asked me regarding the suffering and privation of the unfortunate ones along its shore; after telling him, as best I could, of the terrible suffering, I asked him if he could write a poem on the flood. He answered, "If you will send some paper and a pencil to my cell *I will try.*" The paper and pencil were furnished him, and shortly after the following production was handed me:

THE OHIO RIVER SUFFERERS.

The great Ohio river, the people's joy and pride,
Has once more caused disaster—spread ruin far and wide;
Has once again brought sorrow and mourning to the State,
O'erflowed with unrelenting force and homes made desolate.

Left desolate and bare the land that borders on her side,
And torn from their foundations the manufacturer's pride;
And left a struggling people with bare and empty hand,
In all their naked poverty throughout a stricken land.

And while the swelling river with all its deafening roar,
And madly rushing current with increased waters pour,
With unabated fury through hamlet and through town,
May we with lavish kindness our charity pour down.

May we be prompt to succor the rivers latest prey,
Nor slow in our response to human laws obey;
But with a christian kindness extend our utmost power
To help relieve the needy poor, in this, their darkest hour.

For, while the laws of Nature no mortal can control,
No human hand can stay the tide when freshet waters roll;
Yet we can for the suffering, brought on by Nature's laws,
With human acts of kindness help mitigate the cause.

Then open up your hearts, waste no time in idle breath,
But contributions quickly send, the suffering save from death,
For thousands upon thousands, from home and plenty hurled,
Are, by the Ohio river's rise, now thrown upon the world.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

IN MEMORIAM.

No more shall the halls of Columbia resound
To the magical words of our grand chieftain again:
He was laid low by a wretched assassin's wound,
And died at Long Branch in full view of the Main.

Nevermore shall his grand, eloquent words enthrall,
Nor awaken to memory the glories of Webster and Clay,
In this glorious nation's grand Representative Hall,
Where he magnetized men by his language day after day.

He convinced them by logic, by law and by reason,
And wrapt all in attention by his musical tones
As he talked to them on justice, judgment and treason,
And of their Alabamas, Corsairs and foreign lands.

I can recall his appearance, so tall and sublime,
When he was sworn in as President on Capitol Hill,

At noon on the fourth day of March, inauguration time,
As he swept the air with his hand as if to impress the will.

Nor did all his honors spring from rostrum or hall ;
He went to the war and his sword did manfully wield,
To do all he could before ever his country did call ;
An orator, a hero and statesman was James A. Garfield .

His deeds will be handed down from father to son,
His many grand actions and his struggles of youth
Until he sat in the chair of the great Washington,
Which was won by integrity, honor and truth.

Our people will always read of him in song and story ;
Thousands went to take a last look at him as he lay on
his bier ;
Some talked of his goodness, some talked of his glory,
And many turned aside in the great dome to shed a last
tear.

Had I the head of a *Whittier* to inspire my pen and my brain,
I would set forth his character in letters of purest gold,
To re-echo the words and works of the great martyred slain,
For his brave deeds and actions are but imperfectly told.

He was kind, generous and withal without any pride,
And the pride of Ohio, the great State of the west,
His body is entombed in a lovely spot by the lakeside ;
There will be a monument to the man the people loved
best.

We all hope he is gone where all sighs and sorrow cease,
And no more death, no more alternate hope and fear ;
For his Christian character will bring him everlasting peace ;
And our Redeemer has promised to wipe from ev'ry eye
the tear ;
And Faith points unerringly to worship that Saviour so dear.

THE OLD CHURCH BELL.

Do you love to hear the ringing,
And to hear the people singing,
Which the peals to church are bringing,
Of the old church bell ?

Do you love to see the faces
Of the pretty female graces,
As they fill up all the spaces
In the old church well ?

Do you love to hear the preacher
Explain the Bible feature
To every living creature,
And to hear of heaven and hell ?

Do you love to hear the praying,
And believe what they are saying ?
And are your thoughts a straying
Where righteous thoughts should dwell ?

You do not love to hear the tolling,
And to see the dirt go rolling,
While the preacher stands consoling,
O'er a dead one loved so well?

Yet the warn of death is rolling,
And the bell will keep a tolling,
As the carriages go strolling,
At the sound of your death knell.

Think not, friend, you will evade it,
A decree of God has made it,
And the past events portrayed it,
By the tolling of the bell

SONG OF THE DUDE.

Have you met him on the street,
The mashing dude, the high-toned beat?
The brainless fop who every day
Promenades upon Broadway?

He wears his clothes tight to the skin,
On his bosom a shoddy pin;
His slender cane he twirls with ease
Whene'er a girl by chance he sees.

He prides himself a jewel rare
If ladies chance at him to stare;
Then, with the quickness of a flash,
He undertakes to make a "mash."

But once a dude sad fate befell,
For he was caught by an Irish girl,
Who, to please her parent dear,
To her home a *dude* did steer.

It chanced that she was passing by
When the dude espied her roguish eye;
And as she smiled, on mischief bent,
To capture him was her intent.

To her he tipped his hat with grace,
A genial smile o'erspread his face;
With languid air he stroked his chin,
And thus his "mashing" did begin.

His pace he quickened, then with pride
Crossed o'er the street to the other side,
And slowly followed in her wake,
This Irish girl to overtake.

'Tis hard to tell how he begun
To use his artful, wily tongue;
No pens portray or words express
The secret of the dude's success.

But sure he is, without offense,
To gain the lady's confidence;
His proudest hopes to realize
When to her home he takes the prize.

Now here is where this dude did err,
When to her home he went with her.
She was a father's "pigeon stool,"
Who made the clothes for this dude fool.

And little did he know how bad
He was wanted by her dad;
For her dad the tailor was
To whom the dude owed for his clothes.

Then soon a sorry sight was he,
The tailor mashed him scandalously,
And vowed whene'er they met again
He'd mash the "masher's" mashing brain.

Hence you see by these, my rhymes,
The dude don't always have smooth times
Without his cash and overflow,
And then he's not a dude, you know.

ON THE FIFTH TIER.

With fond memory I recall the days of my youth,
When I sat near a mother, kind, loving and dear;
She impressed my mind with words of honor and truth,
But now I'm in the "pen," away up on the fifth tier.

Alas! how oft I think of the days when I went to school,
Of that old schoolmaster I was always in fear

He wore for an ornament an old oaken rule,
But now he's in dust, and I'm away up on the fifth tier.

I call to mind when we rolled foot-ball on the old green,
Solitude brings up all things so distinct and clear,
When we made faces at the schoolmaster behind the old
screen,
But now I have lodging away on the fifth tier.

And of the great time in the army, marching through mud
and rain,
Sometimes at the front and other times away in the rear,
Or carrying the wounded or burying those who were slain,
But now I've free lodging away up on the fifth tier.

I know it is the year '84, I wish it were the month of June,
As my lease expires then, and the time it is near;
When I get out of here I will play a new tune,
And there will be "lodgings to let" away up on the fifth tier.

Young man, if you wish to keep from climbing so high,
Avoid the rumseller and his whisky, wine and beer;
And those bachelor lodgings you will not try,
For that was what made *me* a lodger on the fifth tier.

A REFUSAL.

Good morning, Mr. Dean! Thanks I'm looking better;
I've called to get permission to write a business letter;

Yes, one year, sir, since I've written—it's strictly a business line ;

Since you ask, I have a girl in Dayton who wishes a valentine.

Have I ever been reported? Do you think that I would talk? I have kept a bee line mostly, yea, I have "walked the chalk." With some little variation, and without some reservation, I hope to get permission without any hesitation.

You interrogate me thusly, about my prison record mostly, But I cannot see permission, for I watch you very closely ; So you think it not "emergency" to write a business line, Or to send a business letter—to my girl a valentine.

I'm sorry you don't relieve me, to refuse it doth grieve me ; Should you change your mind in time and let me write a line, My girl will be indebted to you for the valentine.

DE WHITE FAMILY AS VIEWED BY AN OLD NEGRO.

When fields ob wheat am wavin' bright an' de woods am
leafin' green,

De pretty form ob ole Bob White and Missus bird am seen ;
In inncerence on top ob de fence sits robin morn an' night ;
An' whistles dar in heap suspense de tune ob "Bob, Bob
White."

Wid speckled breast an' plumed crest he looks so neat an'
clean ;

Missus White sits near him on de nest an' harkens unto him ;
Bob alwus stays 'roun' in sight to keep an eye on Missus
White,

An' cheer her up wid all his might by his ole tune ob " Bob,
Bob White."

An' should a sportsman happen near, den ole Bob's heart
am filled wid fear ;

He leaps at once down on de groun' for fear dat Missus White
am foun',

An' runs roun' her in a sweat hardly knowin' whar to get,
Until he seed de danger pass, when he comes out from de
grass.

An' to de fence he takes his flight to show his wife dat all
am right,

By de same ole tune ob " Bob, Bob White ;"

Den when de eggs am done gone crack an' de little Whites
am out,

Some wid de shell stuck to der back am seen to run about.

Den ole Bob struts about so large ober de chillen in his charge ;
He whistles den to learn 'em right de family tune ob " Bob,
Bob White ;"

When night den fin's 'em in de bed wid tail to tail an' head
to head,

Settin' in a circle roun' as a cup for fear de animals eat
'em up.

Dey sleep dat way, all facin' out, dat dey may watch a circle
'bout ;
Den when daylight succeeds de night bof pa an' ma am heard,
Wi-fe-e done say Missus White unto de husban' bird ;
Den ole Bob, proud as a plumed knight, mounts de fence
an' says, " B-o-b W-h-i-t-e."

SAD REFLECTIONS.

Once your heart was mine, all mine ;
Then I turned from you away,
Dreaming not the love you gave me,
I would crave from you to-day.

Weary years have left me, left me
With a sad and aching heart,
Knowing now too well, my darling,
I must live from you apart.

Yet I am weary, still so weary,
Longing for your smile once more,
For the love that you once gave me
And I threw away before.

I have lived and waited, waited,
Hoping on from day to day,
Empty arms are reaching toward you,
But you never come this way.

Now my heart is yours, all yours ;
Ah ! you turn from me away,
Wanting not the love I give you,
Loving some one else to-day.

THE CONVICT'S LAMENT.

Tho' the clouds hang dark above me, and my time is lost in
night,
I see within these prison walls the sun is shining bright ;
As in distant hills the rainbow falls from out the flying storm,
So in my bosom lives a hope whose glow is beaming warm.

There was ne'er a day but ended, ne'er a sun but shone again,
Whose beams fall now upon me, not in pleasure but in pain ;
But sometimes in our existence we falter in the face of right,
When before us lies the future all hidden from our sight.

Take warning, brothers, cousins, leave the evil thought be-
hind,
Let your walk through life be upright, and always bear in
mind
That prison life is dreary, and if we ourselves control,
May always have our freedom and keep out of this *dark hole*.

Now when my term is ended, liberty once more I gain,
The pleasure I'll partake of then will be always mixed with
pain ;

Trojan's eyes will be upon me, my every act they'll see,
For they all well know I've served a term in the penitentiary.

Now, friends, I must bid you adieu ;
This letter was written expressly for you,
And when you've carefully read, and the song you've sung,
Consider them written by William H. Young.

THAT HUMMING BIRD.

This "hummer" is a little bird, the worst you've ever seen,
And if you don't believe it make a call on Mr. Dean ;
Now when you go to see this "bird" they strip you to the
skin,
And down into the little tub they gently drop you in.

Your hands are cuffed behind your back, your eyes are band-
aged tight,
And when the bird begins to hum you yell with all your
might ;
When your courage is almost failing and your heart begins
to flop,
Then by a sign from some one "sailing" this bird will al-
ways stop.

This little bird will not let you go for money or for love,
But will pounce right down upon you like lightning from
above.

And when this bird begins to hum it will almost make you say :

"Please 'let up,' good little bird, make your haste and fly away."

You have heard of the American eagle with its loud terrific scream ;

But this little "bird" is the king of all, this little bird of Dean's.

ONE WHO HAS BEEN THERE.

THE FAR GOLDEN WEST.

There's a land, there's a land in the far golden west
Where the elk and the antelope speed o'er the plains ;
Where men from the earth its treasures doth wrest,
And delve after gold hid in its fissures and veins.

This is the land of Mazeppa and unbroken steeds,
Where they gambol and sport without bridle or rein,
Then bound away over the cactus and reeds,
As they view with alarm the emigrant train.

And in this land the buffalo in myriads do roam,
Sometime waging battle with the fierce grizzly bear,
Coming off conqueror covered with blood and foam,
Then the wolves and coyotes to pieces the victim do tear.

And the geysers spring up in grandeur and power
Forcing their spiral columns away up on high,

Whilst far in the distance the rocks do tower
In their snow-capped summits toward the blue sky.

And this great land of wonders does silently wait
For the husbandman's plow and mechanic's skill ;
To the bold emigrant it will yield a rich freight
From Nature's great storehouse in each valley and hill.

Ho ! for that land, don't be discouraged nor fear an alarm ;
Forward all who wish to be independent and free,
Old " Uncle Sam " is rich enough to give us all a farm ;
Then, westward where the mighty Missouri rolls down to
the sea.

The following is a true copy of a letter written the
Governor :

Like a sparrow alone on a house top,
Like an island isolated at sea,
In life's great ocean but one drop,
With the breakers dashing o'er me.

Alone without money and friends,
Upon life's ladder knocked from the top ;
I beseech thee, head of Ohio, to stop
The work of some plundering friends,

And consider what our law intends.
I have been convicted of a foul crime.

And sentenced to a whole life time,
And have no one to push my cause,

To pull me from the lion's jaws,
Although my case is full of flaws.
Since April, eighteen hundred and seventy-five,
When judicial mistake buried me alive,

I have been praying to be exhumed—Ex-Judge Humes,
Until I am dead then properly tombed.
Were there one single spark of guilt
In my heart o'er the blood that was spilt,

I should await and trust to fate.
But, sir, I know the laws of State
Which defines between innocence and guilt
When one is charged with blood that's spilt.

To imprison me one single hour
Is an irreparable wrong.
To-day I am but a withered flower
That needs the sunshine and the shower.

Ten years ago I bloomed in bower,
But wrongs absorbed the blooming power,
Closing the petals, checking the bloom,
And casting o'er me clouds of gloom.

I have plead and plead, and plead in vain,
Then plead and plead again.

Suppose, dear sir, I'm an innocent man,
What must my feelings be?

I try to hide them all I can
But *grief* eats the very heart from me.
Does not all this seem very rough?
Can such mistakes possibly be?

So thought the Hon. Horace P. Clough—
Your Honor, knew him well enough.
He was a man that could plainly see,
And he has always believed in me,

And wanted the people to let me go,
Some gladly now would have it so,
For business men full of contrition,
Told me they would get up a petition

And undue what had been done,
Restoring me to my orphan son.
And if you have the papers on file,
Pray, come and search my face for guile.

To prove that truth is stranger than fiction,
As portrayed in my false conviction.
But, sir, my face will plainly show,
And with respect, say, please let me go.

Pardons are not for guilty men
Who deserve to serve their time.
Is it a wrong to pardon, when
One is innocent of crime?

Any terms are better than to stay
Wasting a brilliant life away.
If Justice now will spread her scale,
I'll hoist my anchor and will sail.

Sir, place me back where I *once stood*
And I will surely do much good.
I promise in my utmost soul
To keep away from the flowing bowl.

PART IV.

Religion in Prison—Catholic Service—Prayer Meeting—The Prisoner's request for Books—Notes to the Chaplain—Contents of the Bible—Sunday School—The Prison Choir—General Service—Visitors During Service—How Sunday Afternoons are Spent by the Prisoners—Convicts View of Sin and its Penalties—The Reply—What this World would be were Sin Abolished—The Birth of Our Savior—Gleanings from the Bible—A Letter.

RELIGION IN PRISON.

The reader may think the above somewhat out of order, or, in other words, absurd ; but I shall endeavor to give a fair showing and readers can draw their own conclusions. Sunday in *prison* is the longest of all days to the prisoner as he is locked in his cell from 1 o'clock P. M. until Monday morning. There are four services held in the forenoon—Catholic service, for those of that particular faith, is held first, commencing at half past seven and lasting one hour. There are about one hundred and fifty prisoners who attend this service. Rev. Father Clark, of Columbus, has, until recently, presided

at this service, but owing to failing health he gave up the work and is now traveling through the west. His absence was regretted by both prisoners, those to whom he gave religious instruction, and the present officers of the institution, as his affability won for him a pleasant word from all. Rev. Father Delaney is officiating for him during his absence.

Prayer Meeting commences at half past eight o'clock, the number attending being about five hundred, the Chaplain of the prison presiding. The present Chaplain, I. H. DeBruin, has met with great success in creating an interest among the prisoners concerning their spiritual welfare. A certain part of the meeting is devoted to speaking and praying by the prisoners, and is full of interest; many a tired and weary soul finds relief in either prayer or giving his experience. The Warden is always present at prayer meeting and often takes a part. Frequently a prisoner will read a passage of Scripture, then, in reply to it, will read from a slip of paper what he has written. Quite often some old familiar hymn will be started by some one in the congregation. A favorite is,

“Oh, happy day that fixed my choice,
On Thee, my Savior and my God—”

Or often that good old hymn, “My soul, be on thy guard,” is sung with such burst of feeling that, for the time, the beholder forgets he is within the walls of a

prison but rather in some church outside where all is peace and joy within. Of course the usual number of black sheep appear, who, to make themselves noted, will attempt to pick some flaw by raising questions of doubt on certain passages of Scripture, or take that particular time to publish their imaginary wrongs, but a tap from a small bell on the pulpit restores order and the meeting proceeds. The Chaplain often receives notes from prisoners asking an interview regarding their soul's salvation, or expressing the happiness experienced since their conversion, or desiring some book of instruction, viz.: Bible Dictionary, Barnes' Notes, etc.

I will here give a few notes from prisoners kindly furnished by the Chaplain :

Dear Sir : Will you please furnish me with Barnes' Notes on Mark, Luke and John, or a Bible Dictionary? am trying to learn all I can of God's truth and am trying to live in a way that my *daily* life will be as a prayer to God. I shall soon be permitted to go out into the world again to battle with temptation, and I *know* that with my *own* strength I shall fail, but by trusting in God, in Him alone, I shall overcome them. I would rather stay here than to go out trusting in my own strength. I ask you to remember me and pray for me that I may be faithful to the end. God forbid that I should ever turn back. I would like to see you when convenient.

I remain, as ever, your humble servant,

Dear Chaplain: If you have the time to spare, I would like to see you in regard to the welfare of my soul. You can send for me any time in the afternoon as my work is always done by that time of day.

Your humble servant, _____.

CHAPLAIN—

Dear Sir: Since we have fairly launched our barque upon the waves of another year, I have come to the conclusion to trouble you for your assistance at the *helm*. I desire to change my course of reading matter, and I wish such books as are edifying, and draw man in closer communion with his maker. I find a Christian soul must be fed to increase strength strong enough to do battle with temptation and such things as are inclined to draw man downward, like the body, it must receive food, or perish. I am fully aware the food consists of the Word of God. You will say this can all be found in the *Bible*. True, Chaplain, but how much better understood, and how delightful it is to have the directions and points of writers who are able to comprehend the whole. Now, Chaplain, I wish you would favor me with the choice of *your* books for the next six months. You can judge how long a book will last me and see what progress I will make in that time.

My greatest desire is to be a *christian*, and I wish to lay the foundation within these walls so that when I am called to go forth to meet the trials and temptations of

the world I may be found in possession of the whole armor of God, and in trial, able to use it to the honor and glory of Jesus Christ. I have yet two years to serve in this prison and I can learn much in that time if I have the right guiding. As you have read many works you will be more able to direct me to the stream of living water which will satisfy my thirsting. I shall deem it a favor long to be remembered if you can oblige me in this matter and I shall not send any more book orders to the *library*. In conclusion, I desire to tender you my thanks for the pleasant hour in prayer meeting yesterday. Chaplain, it truly is worth a week's imprisonment to hear Professor Orton explain the Bible. I *never* enjoyed an hour as well as I did that one. I hope he will continue to be with us right along. I know he would if he knew how much we like him and think of his words.

———.

The following is from a prisoner about to be discharged after serving his term. On going out into the world again he desires to lead a different life.

CHAPLAIN—

Dear Friend: I ask of you one favor and it is this—When I go out of this place please direct me to the Y. M. C. A. in Columbus, and tell them I am worthy of their attention, and shall need their assistance and counsel to guide me in the way that leads to heaven. I

want to do right, if it does not *help* me it will cheer and comfort my dear, old mother, to know that I am willing to try to do right. I have been a great sinner in the sight of God and man, but henceforth I will serve Him who rules on high, both for my mother's comfort and the good of my *soul*. Pray for me, Chaplain, that I may be ever found walking uprightly.

Yours Very Earnestly,
J. C. F.

To show the reader how well posted on scripture some prisoners are I will give the following recently handed the Chaplain by a prisoner, headed—

CONTENTS OF THE BIBLE.

The number of books contained in the Old Testament is 39, in the New 27, total 66 books. The Old Testament contains 929 chapters, the New 260, total 1189 chapters. The Old Testament contains 23,214 verses, the New 7,959, total 31,173 verses. The Old Testament contains 592,439 words, the New 181,253, total 773,692 words. The word *Jehovah* or *Lord* is mentioned 6,855 times in the Old Testament, and the word *Jesus* occurs 833 times, and the word *Christ* 409 in the New Testament. The middle and shortest chapter of the Bible is the 67th Psalm. The middle verse of the bible is the 8th of the 68th Psalm. The middle book of the

Old Testament is Proverbs. The middle chapter is the 29th of Job, and the middle verse is the 17th of the 20th chapter of 2nd Chronicles. The least verse is the 25th of the 1st chapter of 1st Chronicles. The middle book of the New Testament is 2nd Thessalonians. The middle chapter is the 13th of 1st Corinthians. The middle verse is the 17th of the 17th chapter of Acts, and the shortest verse is the 35th of the 11th chapter of John. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra has all the letters of the alphabet.

G. W. P.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

This service is attended by about five hundred. They are arranged in classes and are supplied with teachers from the city; quite a number of them being from the Y. M. C. A. rooms. There are classes in the first, second and third readers, and the eagerness which they manifest in striving to learn, amply repays the teacher for his labor. This is where many take the first step toward education, as here are those who could scarcely spell words of one syllable when they began, but finally became good readers, with a fair understanding of what they read, before they leave the institution.

Last of all the services comes *General Service*, which *all* are compelled to attend. The prisoners are marched into chapel in their regular companies the same as on week days, each company occupying a certain division

of the interior every Sunday. While marching out of chapel, after service, the organist plays a march suitable to the regular tread of the many feet. The scene is both impressive and interesting.

The Prison Choir is also noticeable. This consists of *ten of the best singers selected from fourteen hundred men.* The reader may judge as to whether or not they produce good music. The leader, a prisoner, is a teacher of music, and his singing is complimented by all who hear him. The books used by the choir are "The Triumph," "Anthem Choir," and "Normal Collection" for their voluntary selections, while the "Gospel Hymns" 1, 2, 3 and 4 combined, are used by the congregation. The organist is a skillful player, and to the ear of the writer the music is excellent. There are quite a number of visitors attending services every Sunday, and during the sitting of the General Assembly the rostrum is usually crowded with members and friends. After the general service comes dinner; each prisoner is there served with double rations, they are then marched from the dining hall to their cells, where they remain locked up until Monday morning. They can eat all their food while at the table or carry a lunch with them to their cell. Sunday afternoon is the time allowed them for writing to their friends. Those who are unable to write their own letters are furnished a writer who writes according to their dictation. There is a regular detail of officers each Sunday afternoon who see

that they who have permits to write are supplied with writing material, and they who are sick and need medical aid are taken to the hospital. Thus is *Sunday* spent in the Ohio Penitentiary.

“Hark! to the click of yonder key
That locks the door where man may be:
Sunshine peeps through the lonely aisle,
And welcomes all with its gladdening smile.”

The following artistic view of sin and its penalties was composed and recently recited in Sunday morning prayer meeting. It is a very thrilling as well as true picture of sin and wickedness. By permission of the author I give it for the reader, feeling confident it will be read with a feeling of interest and awe.

SIN AND ITS PENALTIES.

Were I an artist I would dip my brush in the blackness of perdition and paint a picture of sin. I would put in my picture every conceivable thing that is terrible and revolting. I would paint *health in ruins, hope destroyed, affection crushed and prayers silenced*. I would paint the chosen seats of parental care, filial piety, brotherly love and of maternal devotion all crushed and gone. I would paint all the crimes of every statute and of every *hue* from foul murder standing aghast over the open grave which it had no means to cover, to the meanest deception still confident of success. I would

paint a dark, dreary and cheerless valley, and I would call it the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and I would people it with ever-living slaves; I would paint a landscape of trees whose fruit should be poison and whose shadow should be pain. I would paint a mountain upon whose lofty summit black clouds of vengeance should hold high carnival, and around whose bleak, desolate brow fierce lightning should flash and gleam with a vivid startling light, revealing deep and fathomless chasms where awful darkness holds eternal sway. I would paint a deep, dark river rushing, foaming angrily on over cragged rocks carrying everything upon its heaving bosom toward an awful Niagara of death, where it booms and roars like heaven's artillery; its waters should be the tears from weeping eyes and blood from bleeding human hearts, and in its turbid current no living thing should dwell, and in its storm-tossed waves nothing but human wrecks should be seen. I would paint a dark and gloomy cavern where sunlight never strays, where foul odors fill the air, and where the dying moans of murdered men, women and children would constantly resound through its sepulchral vaults. I would fresco it with slimy serpents and crawling spiders, and upon its walls the faces of grinning devils should gleam out with maddening, fiery and fiendish hate. I would put in the most distant background of my picture the vanishing visions of a blessed past, and in the foreground the awful certainty of an accursed

future. I would paint prison doors that opened inwardly only; and then I would people the scene with men whose shattered frames were tainted with tormented souls, with innocent children upon whose lips no smiles should ever play; with women upon whose cheeks furrows had been burned by tears wrung by anguish from bleeding hearts, pressing to their bosoms their starving, skeleton infants. In my picture not one happy home could be found, not one bright and cheerful face could be seen, but instead, bloated, beastly, brutal and tyrannical men should glare from the canvas.

The temples of worship should be closed or be converted into brothels of infamy where blood-curdling scenes, and blaspheming shouts would constantly resound through their galleries, and when my picture was completed, I would varnish it with the poison of dragons and the cruel venom of asps. I would frame it with the skins of scorpions and stinging reptiles. After I had painted it and made it as hideous as I could get it I would hang it up in a lurid light on a cord woven from the teeth of the poisonous cockatrice and spreading vipers and then I would say to a sinful world—"There is *a picture of sin*; which by your doings you are painting by the millions and hanging upon the walls of your now peaceful and happy homes."

The above is a thrilling and terrible picture to behold but it does not appear to be exaggerated to the man that has been through the dark and gloomy tunnel of

sin. So let us ever be on our guard that it may never fasten its jaws of death upon us, and let it stand as a *positive but terrible warning*.

CHESTER V. ADAMS.

The following is by the same author as the above and shows what this world would be like were sin banished from us. The ideas presented in this composition are beautiful, and the writer undertakes to give an imaginative representation which I shall endeavor to give the reader as *he* arranged it.

WHAT THIS WORLD WOULD BE LIKE WERE SIN ABOLISHED
AND EXCLUDED FROM AMONG MEN.

Sin is an ever-present evil, therefore it can early be investigated and understood. When we try to find Godliness among men where sin and corruption is entirely erased and exempt, we are then endeavoring to find something that cannot be found this side of the eternal world. So it will have to be illustrated through imagination, and in order to present it so you may better understand it, let us suppose there to be some country afar off, some island of the ocean, where *sin* has never been known. If you were to go with me there we would find the people intelligent, virtuous, temperate and happy. We would find them enjoying a fruitful land, a healthy clime, a free government with

equal and wholesome laws. We would see written upon every man's countenance faith, hope and charity; their homes would be scenes of domestic happiness and they would be noted for their generosity and hospitality. Their wives would be singing songs of praise while at their domestic duties, and the health and beauty which we would see in their countenance would be unmistakable evidence of a light heart and contented mind. We would see on this island sweet and fragrant flowers, brought forth from the rude nature of man, that blossom and give forth fruit of righteousness, loving kindness and good-will toward his fellow man. There would be a large paper published and its name would be "Morning and Day of Reform." You might scan its columns from beginning to end and you could not read of one incident of *crime, poverty or drunkenness—not one*. You would never read the horrible account of some poor intoxicated wretch who had lain down upon the railroad track and was hurled into eternity by the lightning express. You could read it the year round and never read of a *suicide, murder, execution or lynching*, but its columns would be so crowded with acts of kindness and good deeds that the editor would scarcely have room to *price* his paper. We would visit the workmen's houses and find thrift and happiness upon every hand; their dwellings would be emblems of cleanliness and industry; their children would be instructed in both ancient and modern history; they would be graduates

from Christian colleges, and their every aspiration would go out for something higher and nobler. We might travel the plains and mountains of that island, cross and recross its glens and caverns and never meet one *brigand, desperado, bandit or smuggler*. We would have no need to carry firearms for fear of being assassinated by some lurking road agent, and thrown down some dark and gloomy chasm to cover the horrible deed, but every man we would meet would be our friend, and good Samaritan to those in need. We might canvas that island from center to circumference and not be able to find a *brewery or distillery*; not one court of justice, not one jail, penitentiary, insane asylum or any other emblem of sin; nor would we see a monster palace of sin that stands with open doors and frosted windows with red, white and blue lamps in front as lights from the other world hurrying its trembling victims on to destruction; but we would see magnificent churches and temples of worship erected in their stead, and the spires would be so lofty that they would pierce the very clouds above them and their silver balls would glisten and shine with such splendor that they could be seen for miles, and the interior of those churches would be lighted by rows of golden chandeliers and their chains of precious jewels would sparkle like millions of dew-drops under a morning sunbeam; their altars would be frescoed with jasper, precious stones and glittering diamonds. We would see hanging from their walls beauti-

ful and costly paintings of Christ's Resurrection and Ascension, Mary at the Savior's Tomb, Christ's Last Supper with His Disciples, and many, many other emblems of scripture could be seen hanging from their walls. The inhabitants of that island would go into their synagogues every Lord's day to pour out their gratitude and to offer their praise and thanksgiving to their God and Chief Ruler. They would be so pure and sinless that even the very angels from heaven would come down and worship with them. Now, after we had witnessed all these things, if we would go to the wise men of this wonderful island, and tell them that we were advocates of sin, and wished to have it introduced among them for their benefit, and after we had gone through the entire catalogue and depicted in proper and just terms all its penalties, do you suppose that they in their wisdom would admit the destroyer among them? Would they not guard their shores against it as they would against some pestilence? Would not the alarm be sounded throughout the island and armies be raised to prevent its admission? I am sure there can be but one answer.

But here we sit! we have come to such a pass, we have acquired such a bluntness of feeling, such a degree of attachment and love for sin that, although surrounded by all the woe that it has produced, all the eloquence on earth would be unable to wake us to a proper sense of our danger, and induce us to banish the

foe and purify our land. Banish this engine of crime and death, this warlock of destruction, and this world would become a garden of Eden, fit for the paradise of God. Yet do I hear some one say "there is no danger *for me* if I only sin a little." Ah! that is the whispering of Satan. Do not put too much confidence in yourself. Do not be like the foolish young man who wanted a huge reptile to cage and put on exhibition. He went out and hunted through the jungle until he found one coiled up behind a rock, when he approached from behind with cat-like tread until near enough to grasp it, when he seized it by the neck and for a while held it firmly in his grasp, but before he was aware, the slimy coils of the reptile had encircled his arm, his pulse ceased to beat, his arm became powerless and the poisonous fangs had penetrated the quivering flesh and in two short hours he was a *bloated corpse*, a victim of his own folly.

O, hearers! if this poisonous reptile of sin has its teeth fastened in your hearts, I will say to you—*stop*, turn your thoughts toward your poisoned life and consider the agonies you have endured to arrive at your present state of complicated wretchedness. Do you ask how this can be done? I answer, abstain from sin; do not abstain for a week, month or year, but *forever*. Swear to abstain from everything that is sinful as long as eternity will endure, and the throne of God shall stand. I urge you to do it, you will not only achieve success

in *this* world but you will redeem yourselves from a blighted life and there will be glorious possibilities in the future for you and you will be hailed by your friends as if resurrected from the dead. You will save yourselves from ungodly graves, you will escape the fiery dungeon of Hades where fiends and demons grin and scream over their helpless victims.

The following poem was composed by a prisoner sent up from Montgomery county, for eighteen months, who was charged with forgery. The title is an excellent one and shows the writer to be well versed in scripture.

THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOR.

A heavenly star traversed the sky
To point out proud Bethlehem's inn ;
And the angelic hosts they sang with joy
At the birth of the Babe, the Savior of men.

The heavenly chorus filled all space,
And holy men knelt down in prayer
To God for his almighty grace ;
For Jesus who will all our sorrows share.

Shepherds came from afar to see the heavenly guest,
And for to worship the divine child ;
Being warned by an angel he was blest
And to be born from a virgin undefiled.

He came to suffer shame and death
For poor sinners, such as you and me,
He forgave his foes, with his dying breath,
Upon the glorious cross on Calvary.

Then sing praise unto the most High,
Who gave his only begotten son,
That all who believe in him may not die;
Oh! serve the Lord and the victory is won.

The author of the following was a two year man who gave the name of R. Anderson. The translation is taken from the CII Psalm, from the 16th to 22d verses:

God is love, and angels fall in adoration at his feet;
God is love, and love forever pleads upon the mercy seat;
In His love he stoops to call us up from earth to be His own;
He despiseth not His prisoners but entreateth them to come.

And His love leads us on, and He fills our souls with song,
And we praise our God who reigns forever King on Zion's
throne;
He who sent the veil that covered every land and tribe and
tongue,
And crowned the cov'nant promised in the birth of Christ
His Son.

He revealed His arm in pity seeing none to intercede,
We were lost but for the love that beheld and knew our need;

And the Prince of Peace Immanuel, Son of heaven's eternal
King,
God with us was born a Savior and the ransom for our sins.

Christ the Savior, we adore, bless His name forever more ;
Bless Him for the glad anointing of the spirit on us poured ;
Bringing peace to broken hearts, glad tidings to the poor,
And deliverance to the captives bound behind the prison
door.

Looking back upon our lives, our hearts failed with fear,
And fearful looking forward in the judgment to appear ;
When the powers of heaven are shaken but our Advocate on
high
Hath spoken words of life and our redemption draweth nigh.

Let us praise the love that comes to our prison house of
shame
Bringing rest to our souls from the burden of our blame ;
The world without may sneer, may deride us and defame,
Christ's love is all sufficient, praise and honor to His name.

We have barred ourselves away by a life of crime and guilt,
Till a cry for Christ arose o'er the walls our sins had built,
And they tottered as the towers of proud Jericho that fell
At the sounding of the trumpets and the shout of Israel.

Strong to save is Christ who died, comè to Him, the crucified,
See the cruel crown of thorns and the wound within His side ;

To the cross, through feet and hands, He was nailed our sins
to hide,
And He lives to bless and pardon, come to Christ, the cruci-
fied.

Fallen low in sin and darkness from the depths He hears our
cry,
From despair and death He saves us and will raise us to the
sky,
All glorious as the dove, the prophetic psalmist told,
Whose wings were silver corded and her feathers yellow gold.

Blessed child of Bethlehem, our Redeemer and our King,
Lamb of God, from the foundation of the world slain for sin,
Through the blood of Thy atonement Thou hast washed and
made us clean,
And will bring us home to Zion when the ransomed enter in.

Heavenly Zion, built of God for His daughters and His sons,
At thy jewel gates of pearl set in walls of shining stone,
All the prison shame forgotten in thy glorious robe of white,
We will raise a worthier song to praise the Lamb who is thy
light.

Through His birth the angels sung, through His death that
dimmed the sun
Shall our eyes behold the beauty of the King upon thy throne,
Men may hold us in dishonor, Christ has made and called us
sons
Of our God who reigns forever King in Zion on the throne.

O, death, thou dark-winged angel we no longer fear thy night;
Christ, thy Conqueror, brings life and immortality to light;
Under the sable shadow our souls in triumph sing;
O, grave, where is thy victory! O, death, where is thy sting.

Thou wilt break the silver cord but forever with the Lord
We shall find the bloom of Eden in eternity restored;
We shall walk with Christ in Paradise, immortal our reward,
And so shall we ever be in glory with the Lord.

GLEANINGS FROM THE BIBLE.

Jesus Christ He is the chief corner stone;
Faith built on other foundations will surely fall;
Let us look to that light which so resplendently shone
And caused the conversion of blessed Saint Paul.

Sinners are the same now as they have been of old;
They still continue to sin, revile and blaspheme;
Offenses will come as our Savior fortold,
But woe unto them who dishonor his name.

Their eyes they are blind and they can not see,
Nor will they acknowledge or worship their God;
They are like the Scribes and the proud Pharisee,
Nor will they humble themselves under his rod.

Let us trim our lamps while there is light;
The lamps of our lives, the good spirit within,

With the oil of salvation, prayers day and night,
It will shield from temptation and keep us from sin.

In the eighteenth chapter of Ezekiel you will find
The most gracious promise by Him who cannot lie ;
In His almighty mercy He wishes to save all mankind ;
There He says : " Repent ye, repent ye, why will you die."

Revelations says in heaven there will be no sun nor moon,
But the righteous shall dwell in the Lamb's glorious light ;
Then why will people be blind and rush to their ruin ?
Let us obey the Divine law and do what is right.

The following letter was received at the Ohio Penitentiary on the 20th of October, 1883. It is addressed to the Young Christians confined therein and signed, "One of Your Former Members." Respectfully.

My Dear Friends and Fellow Prisoners, Confined in prison for a just or unjust cause, which you and your God alone know, I entreat of you to trust in your Father in Heaven for future guidance and he will see you safely through your sorrowful hours while in your prison home. My dear fellow prisoners, always bear in mind that while longing for freedom and your native clime that One full of love and goodness is caring for your wife and little ones at home, and in your deepest

and saddest affliction the same God that feeds the raven will feed and clothe your family.

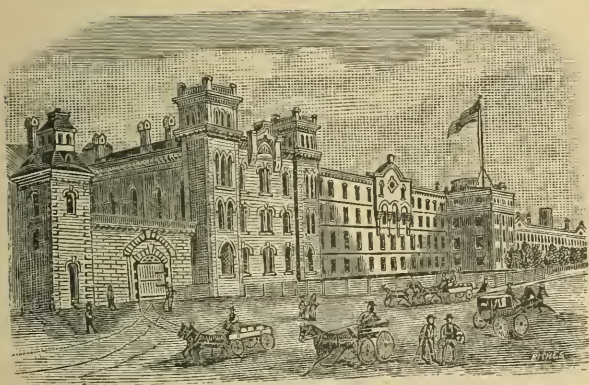
It is now almost eight years since God and your former Warden, Colonel Innis, opened the prison doors for me to pass out. True, I was happy to gain my *liberty*, but for a short time I scarcely knew what course to pursue to make a living, but trusting in God who gave me health and liberty, I soon found a way. Many changes have taken place since I left the prison cell behind.

Dear fellow prisoners, one by one you will regain your liberty and they who come forth from those gloomy walls should come with the love of God in their hearts, and with a motive to do right and the people on the outside will sustain them in their efforts. While under the care of your guard, try and so live that he may treat you with respect and kindness, and when you have regained your liberty he, too, will be in honor bound to assist you in your worldly vocations, the same as others who have never seen the inside cell and dungeon. Strive to do right and God will be your friend.

The eight years that have separated me from my once prison home have gained for me *fame, honor, home, family* and *friends*. It will do the same for you. I hold my head high and no one dare cast a reproach on my prison days. God, in his infinite love, has blessed me with home, sweet home, family and plenty of friends. Any of you, my dear fellowmen, on coming

forth from the dreary walls will find in me a true friend to down-trodden and despised prisoners of the old Prison Home at Columbus, Ohio.

———, *Detroit, Mich.*



OHIO PENITENTIARY, 1884.

PART V.

Historical Sketches of Officers—Brief Sketches of all the Wardens since the erection in 1835—Other Officers—Biographical Sketch of the Oldest Prison Official in the World, James A. Dean—Also, Brief Sketches of Captain Noah Thomas and Dr. Norman Gay.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF OFFICERS.

The first Warden of the present Ohio Penitentiary, was Mr. N. Medberry, who took charge after its completion, in 1835, and continued control until 1843, at which time he was succeeded by General Patterson. The records of Mr. Medberry's term have been lost or thrown away, so nothing of his administration can be found.

The second Warden we mention was General Patterson, who began his administration in 1843, continuing three years.

In 1846 Lawrin Dewey of Portage county, was appointed Warden and held the office until 1851. I can glean nothing from the records concerning the above named gentlemen as officers, further than this: The prison under their management was a success. The salaries of the officers and guards at this time were very

small in comparison with salaries now paid them, and yet very few, if indeed any, are satisfied with the amount paid them for services. I recently found an old receipt for three months' salary as guard during Mr. Dewey's term of office, it reads as follows: "Received of Lawrin Dewey, Warden O. P., seventy five dollars for three months' salary as guard," showing their salary to be at that time but twenty-five dollars per month, while they were compelled to perform both day and night duty, whereas, now there are two regular sets of officers, night men and day men.

It was during Mr. Dewey's term—in 1849—that the cholera broke out among the prisoners, over one-half of them dying, as did also a number of the officers. Dr. Gay, the present physician, was superintendent of the Hospital at that time, and did heroic work by staying with the panic stricken prisoners and laboring night and day to relieve the suffering and help bury the dead. The writer has at different times sat and listened to the old Doctor relating those fearful times, how men were stricken down and in one-half hour found cold in death.

The Chaplain, Rev. J. B. Finley, was not so faithful to his charge, he concluded his spiritual advice was needed elsewhere, he left the poor fellows and fled the town. Mr. Dean was an officer of the prison at that time and fully corroborates the story of the Chaplain's cowardice, there is always an amused expression about his mouth whenever Chaplain Finley's flight from his

field of labor was alluded to. One of the Chaplain's strongest points in preaching to the "boys" was, "be ever ready to meet your God." Mr. Nat Martin (a member of the Board at that time, and an old resident of Columbus) remarked upon hearing of Finley's flight that "the old d—l was ready to preach 'prepare to meet thy God,' but when the opportunity presented itself to him to meet *his* God he ran away."

In 1852 Asa G. Renick, of Northern Ohio, was appointed Warden by the Democrats, this being the first re-organization of the Ohio Penitentiary. His administration continued two years. He was succeeded in 1854 by Mr. Wilson, of Columbus, but in a short time after his appointment he was taken sick and died, being in office about three months. Mr. Battles, of Columbus, also member of the Board at that time, was appointed to serve the remainder of the term. Nothing can be found regarding the administration of Mr. Battles further than the term of his Wardenship was fully up with his predecessors as to government and financial standing of the Prison.

John Ewing, of Ross county, served from 1856 to 1858; L. G. Van Slyke, formerly a director, 1858 to 1860.

In 1860 John A. Prentice was appointed Warden; Rev. Jenkins, Chaplain; and Dr. D. R. Kinsell, Physician. During 1861 there were a number of fires in the prison, destroying many buildings belonging to the

state, and quite a number of convicts were thrown idle by the calamity, thereby increasing the loss to the state and causing confusion in the discipline. Warden Prentice in his report speaks very highly of the Columbus fire department for their efficiency and invaluable service during the fires. He also speaks of *life prisoners* asking that something be done for them, that some term for irreproachable conduct entitle them to some mitigation of their hard fate, or something be done to give life and nourishment to *hope*. May not they, too, be permitted to cherish hope?

Captain Merion, of Columbus, was appointed Warden in 1862 and served three years. His administration was successful, and as a warden he was well liked by both officers and prisoners. He was very decided in all his undertakings, which is the key-note to *success*.

In 1866 Mr. Prentice was again appointed Warden, but his reign was of short duration, as soon after going into office he began having trouble with the Board and other officers of the institution which compelled him to resign, having served one year. One of the charges against him was defrauding the state of money, for which he was tried before the grand jury, but they failed to find any true bill. Mr. James A. Dean and Mr. W. A. Overholser were summoned as witnesses and through their testimony—their positions enabled them to know—the matter was thrown aside as not worthy of mention. Mr. Prentice went to Ashtabula county, his

former home, but soon after he became insane and finally died in the asylum. There remains no doubt but that the worry over his trouble and bad treatment caused his insanity and death.

General Walcutt was appointed Warden in the spring of 1868, and served over three years; he was re-appointed, but resigned soon after, having had enough of the "Pen." From all account his administration was crowned with success. Many laughed at his appointment (he was but 29 years of age) and remarked, "he was too much like a boy for the position," but ere his administration had closed he had the laugh on them, as the facts and figures of his successful management show. He was very strict in discharging his duty; if any subordinate officer violated the rules he was suspended immediately and almost invariably *discharged*. Mr. Dean was Deputy under him, and often speaks of how the General would bring the officers to time for misdemeanor, and he further says, unhesitatingly, that Gen. Walcutt made the best Warden the penitentiary has ever had.

In 1872 Col. R. Burr was appointed Warden. His management of the prison was somewhat on the same principle as his predecessor's, although not quite the same results. I find in his report to the Board of Directors that the *plunge bath*—a punishment abandoned as cruel—was resorted to on several occasions to bring the unruly to subjection, but his own words are: "I

do not like it and shall be *glad* to abandon its use entirely whenever any less objectionable means can be devised to secure the desired end," showing that while he felt compelled to use such punishment he did so with reluctance. In his report he also speaks of the officers under him as faithful and efficient in discharge of their duties, speaking for himself as having co-operation in his work.

Col. G. S. Innis was appointed Warden in 1874, serving two years. His report is very interesting, showing his anxiety and interest for the good of those in his charge. During his term of office the chapel was first occupied, and the hospital removed to its present location. He speaks against the whitewashing of the cells, as the walls became scaly and the receptacle for bed-bugs and other annoying insects that from time to time find their way to the prison. At the time of the Colonel's wardenship one of those annoying hide-outs that I have mentioned previously, occurred and gave him quite a boom in the way of notoriety. The prisoner worked in the cooper shop, and like many another foolish fellow thought he could hide until search for him had ceased, then he would scale the wall and breathe the sweet air of liberty. Alas for him ! little did he dream what was in store for him. The search was continued several days, when he was found hidden under a pile of hoop-poles. It was then the Colonel's voice was heard ordering him brought forth. The poor, scared fellow was

taken into the cooper shop, and while one of the guards held him down on a large block—stomach downward—the Colonel administered, with a cooper stave, such a sound spanking as he had not received since his boyhood days, when he was spanked on his mother's knee. The story was soon circulated and much sport was had over the Colonel's new mode of punishment.

Captain John H. Grove was appointed in 1876. He served two years and was removed by change of administration. During his term the discipline of the prison was good and the report shows the sanitary condition to be equal to any previous. The officers that were under him speak very flattering of his manner of conducting the prison management. He speaks of the Library as being one of the most important features of the prison, saying that it can hardly be told how difficult it was to manage the Library properly when limited to such small annual appropriations. The enlarging of the dinning room, kitchen and bake-house was completed during the Captain's term; also seven hundred and eighty feet of the outside wall, containing fifty-five thousand feet of stone, and many other improvements worthy of note, were made, but for lack of space will have to be omitted.

In 1878, James B. McWhorter, of Hamilton county, was appointed Warden, and Joseph Quinn, of Franklin county, Deputy. Owing to bad judgment they made a failure in the management and were asked by the Board to resign, which they did, after serving but a few months.

Their successors were B. F. Dyer, of Brown county, for Warden and G. C. Porter, of Perry county, Deputy.

Mr. Dyer was very successful, and won for himself much distinction by his cool judgment and readiness for any and all emergencies. Taking charge of the prison at the time he did, it being in such a demoralized condition, made it very difficult to get the discipline under proper control. Mr. Dyer speaks in very complimentary terms of his Deputy, Mr. Porter, in his report, at one time mentioning the improvement in the discipline under his humane management. The punishment had been lessened, and the work allotted the prisoners had been performed in a more cheerful manner, which plainly told that good feeling existed among the prisoners generally. He further adds in his report that much of the success of the institution is due to the cordial co-operation of his subordinate officers.

April 22d, 1880, Noah Thomas was appointed Warden, and assumed his duties May 4th, 1880. James A. Dean was again appointed Deputy and his term of office expired April 15th, 1884.

In Mr. Thomas' first report he says that his convictions at the time he entered upon his duties as Warden, and actual experience since, led him to believe that kind and humane treatment would be one of the best means of maintaining good discipline, and from my own knowledge of his administration I can say, so far as practicable, his views were carried into effect. In his

second report to the Board, his experience enabled him to give more fully the workings of the prison for the year. He says: "The sanitary condition of the prison is not what it should be, yet it is reasonably good; but the discipline is much better than the former year; while it has been the purpose, by firmness and yet through kindness, to attain through the officers in charge that degree of discipline contemplated by your rules, and while no willful violation of the rules is allowed to go unpunished, it is a noticeable fact that the number of infractions of the same are rapidly decreasing and the inmates more cheerful."

Rev. D. R. Miller, who was Chaplain at that time, is spoken of very highly by the Warden for furthering the reformatory and religious work.

During the same year the large bath rooms were built, which added much to the comfort of the prisoners in the way of bathing, as the old bath room was not sufficient to accommodate the number of prisoners. Much was done by Mr. Thomas to improve both the sanitary and financial condition of the prison. The winters of '80 and '81 were so extremely cold that it was necessary to be at much larger expense than was anticipated, but the prisoners were kept warm, had good warm clothing, and were well satisfied with their treatment, and the financial standing of the institution greatly improved over former years. The reports of 1882 are but a continuation of the good management and discipline with the

financial standing, showing over \$16,500 surplus, *i. e.* over and above all expenses of running the prison.

Warden Thomas deserves great credit for his success in the management of the prison. He speaks very praiseworthily of the officers that were under him, giving them a great part of the credit for his success, which is well deserved, as no large institution such as the Ohio Penitentiary, can be managed successfully without the hearty co-operation of all the officers. During the year '82, the Superintendent of Construction, Mr. Geo. H. Rowland, added much to the appearance as well as profit of the prison, by repairing and painting the buildings, laying new stone walks, and erecting a dry-room in connection with the laundry.

Mr. R. P. Green, Superintendent of Gas, shows in his report to the Warden that 29,346,800 cubic feet of gas was manufactured during the year. I will here state the Ohio Penitentiary manufactures all the gas used in the State Capitol, Deaf and Dumb and Blind Asylums, which accounts for the enormous amount the figures show to have been made.

The report of 1883, recently issued, is the best report issued since Mr. Thomas assumed control. He says, "while with pride we refer to the financial standing of the Prison, showing a balance of over \$53,000.00 clear profit to the State, we would not have you think the reformatory features of the institution have been overlooked in our efforts to prevent the prison from becom-

ing a charge upon the tax-payers of the State. It has been the purpose and aim to maintain discipline by impressing upon the minds of the inmates that their personal and best interests depend upon their good conduct, and that efforts in this direction have not been in vain, as infractions of the established rules are not more than one-half in number what they have been heretofore. The position taken by Gov. Foster not to pardon a convict who had violated prison rules, has had a decided effect and influence upon the conduct of the prisoners, being a great restraint on some who would otherwise have been indifferent.

Section 7432 of the Revised Statutes of Ohio is what is known as the "Good Time Law." It provides that for good conduct, fidelity, and diligence in performing the work, each convict, sentenced for a term other than life, shall be entitled to a gain of so many days each year from his sentence.

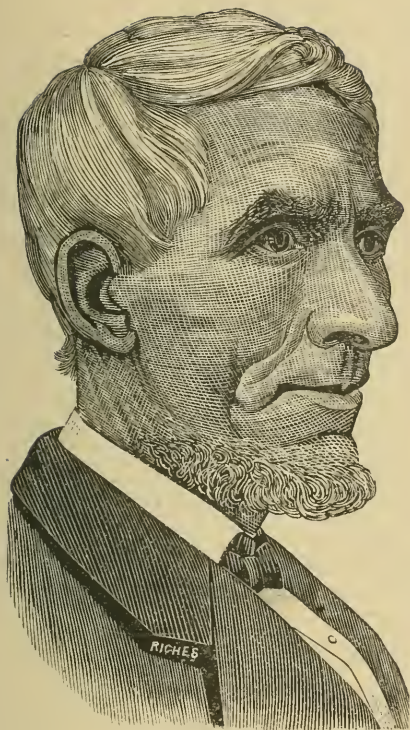
The Warden also claims in his report that 75 per cent. of the inmates of the prison are careful in observance of its rules for the benefit derived. The report speaks very forcibly as to the humane treatment of the convicts and the establishing of an Ex-Prisoners' Association in the city of Columbus for the benefit of those discharged who wish to lead a moral and upright life, yet who, without the assistance of a guiding hand, will surely fall into the snares that are prepared for them. There have been cases to my certain knowledge where the

prisoners have been met by parties, (who make it their business to destroy the human race by vice and dissipation,) on the outside, before they could get two squares from the prison, and ere the sun was veiled by the darkness of night, the ex-convict of but a few short hours would be beastly *drunk*—robbed of his money and his *manhood*—taken to the *city prison*, and on an iron bed sleep off his stupor. There are many similar cases come to the ears of the prison officials which no doubt prompted Mr. Thomas to speak so forcible in his report of the necessity of such a place. The reports of all the officers are filled with interest and speak in favorable terms of any improvement that can be made for the comfort and welfare of the prisoner.

The Superintendent of Construction shows to what extent the prison under his special charge has been improved. There was erected a new building 50 by 150 feet, three stories in height, and covered with slate roofing; there was used in its construction 250 perch of stone, 325,000 brick, 172,000 feet of lumber, 8,500 square feet of slate roof. This is decidedly the finest building in the institution, and the work was *all done* by convicts. The chimney is 139 feet 8 inches high, and is the highest chimney in the city, the next in height being 130 feet.

“Uncle Sammy Johnson,” the jolly Superintendent of the Yard, shows in his report the condition of the grounds, the walks and streets, to have been well

looked after. During the year his teams delivered 75,925 bushels of coke from gas works, 11,200 bushels of lime, 10,000 bushels of wheat, 10 car loads of stone, and 266 tons of ice was put away for prison use; also under his supervision was slaughtered 261 head of cattle, whose average weight was 1,475 pounds; 360 head of hogs, and sold 240 head, making 600 head that were fattened in the prison.



JAMES A. DEAN.

Biographical Sketch of the Oldest Prison Official in the World,

JAMES A. DEAN.

James A. Dean was born in Frederick county, Maryland, February 19, 1815; he was but a small boy when his parents emigrated to Ohio; they first settled in Belmont county, but not liking the location, finally moved to Muskingum county, where he grew up to manhood. His father was a Protestant Irishman, his mother was of Scotch-German descent. His boyhood was spent helping his father on the farm and working on the old National pike that was being built at that time. In his younger days he was considered one of the best men, physically, in that section of the state, and such strong, hearty fellows as he was were always in demand, consequently he was employed on the road whenever he could be spared from the farm. In 1838 he was appointed superintendent of the section of road between Wheeling, W. Va., and Columbus, under the resident engineer.

General Patterson was general superintendent at this time of the division between the above named points, but after some years he resigned and his successor was Thomas M. Drake, who was finally superseded by Mr. Monypenny, of Columbus, and lastly, owing to some misunderstanding of rather a political nature, Mr. M.

was succeeded by John Yountz, of Licking county, and Mr. Dean being on the opposite side of the fence—politically—of course his place was wanted for a friend. In the meantime General Patterson had received the appointment of Warden of the Ohio Penitentiary, and upon learning of young Dean being out of employment wrote to him and offered him a position as guard at the prison. Mr. Dean in reply stated that he would visit the prison and if favorably impressed would accept the position. He went, and after a general survey of its workings, concluded to make the trial. This was in the spring of 1843.

After coming to Columbus he married Miss Susan Brickell, who lived in a small frame house opposite the prison and which is still standing. Six children were the fruit of their union, three of whom are now living, one son and two daughters.

His first duty as guard was taking charge of the kitchen, dining room, bakery, and wash house. Now in these several places there are four officers on duty regular. Next he was superintendent of the female department, which was situated where the east hall now stands and which was without a matron at that time. In 1852 he resigned his position as guard and accepted a position on the Columbus police force. He had been on the force less than two years when he was again offered a position at the Penitentiary. He laughed heartily while speaking of his second appointment ; said

he thought the meat they had packed for the prisoners had spoiled and they wanted him—while there the first time he had charge of the putting up of the meat and was successful in keeping it in good condition—to come and fix it up for them. It seems he did not like it the second time and again resigned and went back to the police force, this time being promoted to the captaincy and holding the position until 1857, at which time Jno. Ewing, of Ross county, was appointed Warden. It had become generally known by this time that James A. Dean's qualities as an officer were exceptionally good, which was fully shown by Warden Ewing sending for him and asking him to accept the position of Deputy Warden under him. He accepted the generous offer and on the 6th day of May, 1857, he first appeared in the new role of prison management, which has been the great topic for conversation, discussed by both political parties pro and con, and the decided opinion of those who were in positions to know, is that he was the right man in the right place. Some have called him cruel and unjust to the prisoners—but what do they know about it? Who are the parties that are so ready and willing to speak slanderously of the old man? Have they been convicts? If they have been and were cruelly treated by him, why did they not, at expiration of their sentence, take recourse to the law governing such matters? All modes of corporal punishment were abolished in 1856, and any cruelty to convicts since that time

could easily have been looked into and the offender dealt with according to law. Has Mr. Dean ever been dealt with in such a manner? Has there been even talk of such proceedings? No! and why? Because there is no truth in these assertions; because these reports are generally circulated by ex-convicts who, while incarcerated, tried to "beat" the prison and the old deputy, but failing, as they always do, seek revenge by circulating rumors of the old man's cruelty.

There are some very bad, stubborn and unruly men confined in the Ohio Penitentiary. The reader can have but a faint idea of the class of men to which some of them belong. For instance, take account of some murder, where the victim was butchered and mangled in a manner too horrible and revolting to even read of, then turn your attention to the Penitentiary and consider that place filled with such class of men. From this you can form an idea of the work of the Deputy Warden, whose duty it is to keep these men in subjection and see that they obey the laws of our Honorable Legislature and the rules governing the prison. Would you think the task an easy one?

On the 18th of August, 1813, just six months after the birth of James A. Dean, the first convict ever sentenced to a penitentiary in Ohio, was received at the old Penitentiary, which stood where the State arsenal now stands on Mound street, bordering the canal, and first occupied in 1815, and abandoned for the present one in

1835, eight years prior to the beginning of Mr. Dean's long term of service. A picture of the old prison still hangs in the clerk's office, a cut of which is the frontispiece of this book.

At the time of the erection of the present institution there were only the two front cell houses and the administration building, and the number of cells in those two blocks was 750. Mr. Dean has seen the erection of all the additional cell houses and the enlarging of the prison grounds. The number of cells at present is 1,630, an increase of 880 cells, showing the necessary buildings added since that time.

Mr. Dean has served under fourteen Wardens, making in all over thirty four years. On the 6th day of May, 1884, he will have been Deputy Warden just twenty-five years, and in that time he has been the eyewitness of many eventful scenes of criminal life. There never has been but one attack made upon his life in all these years of service and that was during the last administration. The prisoner was Gus Canton, a six year man from Hamilton county, who struck him with a hammer in the dining room one day while at dinner. The blow was a severe one on the left jaw and would have been repeated, but the wiry old deputy grappled with him and held him firmly in his vice-like grip until one of the guards took charge of him and locked him up. Canton had been employed in the deputy's office assisting on the books until a short time before the

attack was made, when his conduct became so bad it was necessary to remove him, and for this he harbored revenge and imagined the deputy and other officers were down on him, and he took this plan to "get even" with them. In conversation recently with the deputy he said Canton was the first and only man in the prison or out of it that ever attacked him, although on many occasions when bringing the unruly to justice has he met with strong resistance from enraged and desperate fellows, but in every instance he has, by his coolness and firmness, come off victorious. I have yet the first time to hear anyone say they have ever seen him *excited* or *angry* while dealing with a prisoner, but on the other hand, always calm and firm, which, no doubt, has been the chief cause of his success. If the prisoner was performing his duty faithfully, Mr. Dean was his friend, and would praise his work and show him that so long as he would be a good boy, James A. Dean would *stand by him*. I know of many instances where prisoners were reported for light offenses and instead of being punished they received a good lecture from the old deputy and were sent back to their work with light hearts.

Often has he been heard to say: "My boy, what are you reported for—for talking? Why did you talk? Did you not know you were violating the rules?" "Yes, sir, but I forgot." "Your guard did not forget to *report* you, did he? If I let you go back to your work will you forget and talk again?" The prisoner would

promise and be sent back to work. These facts I have seen and heard and are only a few of the many similar ones I could relate. One rather peculiar trait of Mr. Dean's is that he *never reports* a man; if he finds a prisoner violating the rules he goes to him and administers a good store of advice, reminding him that if some guard had caught him he would have been reported and if he came over he would have been punished. Many prisoners will ask Mr. Dean for a favor in preference to any other officer of the prison. They were men who lived up to the rules of the institution and who knew the deputy was their friend, and knew him to be just in treating all as they deserved; and convicts who are willing to accept the laws of government are unanimous in saying Mr. Dean was *just, humane and kind*.

I have seen the old deputy with tears trickling down his cheeks, when present at an interview between mother and son. I remember an instance where a *boy* had been received at the prison and the Chaplain had a Sunday school ticket placed on his cell door, and the following Sunday his guard brought him to Sunday school, and while the choir was singing those old familiar hymns, which his mother had, no doubt, often sung to him, he was so overcome with grief that he cried aloud in the most piteous manner. Upon the instant Mr. Dean arose from his seat on the rostrum, went to the boy, and twining his arms around his neck, with tears streaming from his eyes, begged him to brace up

and try to control his feelings. It is needless to say every eye in the room was moist from weeping.

One of the greatest features in the history of his prison life is his wonderful memory. He can relate incidents of thirty years ago, with great accuracy ; giving dates and names in such clear detail that the listener imagines the happenings of but a few months past. He remembers all the prisoners, when they are received and enrolled, and should there be one among them who was ever there before, he will take a good look at him and with one of his peculiar smiles say, "Hello ! John, I thought you were not coming back any more." Often they will try to have him think he is mistaken ; but no, he can tell "John," where he worked, and just what kind of a prisoner he was, which would settle the argument at once.

In giving his experience of the different modes of punishment that have been in use in the Prison he says the catting—whipping post—was the most severe ; and next to that the sweat-box ; either punishment unfitting the prisoner for work. I failed to make mention of the sweat-box arrangement when giving the different modes of punishment, so I shall here state that it was a long box, much in shape of a side-cupboard, just tall enough to admit a man standing, while the depth was such that when the door was closed the prisoner was completely encased ; or in other words it was a "neat fit." The only air he could get was admitted through a few holes

arranged diamond shape directly in front of his face. After being thus "shut in" the steam was turned on and the poor fellow would in a very short time become thoroughly wilted. They were usually kept in from twenty to thirty minutes.

A prisoner in relating to me the feelings experienced in undergoing this punishment, said—"It would wilt the d—l himself in less time than it takes me to tell it.

This mode of punishment lasted about a year—just one year longer than it should have lasted, as it was, no doubt, very injurious to the health of the prisoner.

Undoubtedly Mr. Dean is one of the best disciplinarians in the world. Of course refractory convicts receive no sympathy from him, nor should they from any one; their smooth tongues and winsome looks are only an assurance to the wary officer that they are scheming, and waiting the time to put into execution their long contemplated and carefully laid plans.

Warden Thomas has said of Mr. Dean that, notwithstanding the criticisms and abuse that have been heaped upon him from time to time, there never was a kinder hearted man about the prison, nor one who would go farther towards helping a convict reform; yet, on the other hand no one was more strict in enforcing the rules.

In 1876 he was sent to Alleghany prison, Pennsylvania, for an escaped convict, Richard Roe, who escaped by being hauled out of the O. P. in a barrel. While gone he visited the Centennial and other places of interest, after

which he went to the prison, identified Richard as being the man he wanted, and brought him back, safely landing him behind the bars of the O. P. again.

In the fall of 1882 he and his wife accompanied their daughter on her wedding tour to Denver, Colorado, being absent nearly two months. The trip was taken for the benefit of his health, which had been rather delicate for some time previous, as well as for pleasure. He was greatly benefited by the trip, looking very much improved on his return; but he is failing, yet his form is still erect.

There is no one in these United States so well known to the criminal class as James A. Dean, and in fact, all who have ever interested themselves in prison life are familiar with his name.

Mr. Dean stands five feet and eleven inches in height, his face is quite spare, mouth small and lips thin, high cheek bones, blue eyes, iron gray hair and short whiskers under his jaws and chin. He wears gold-rimmed spectacles, regulation uniform, blue cloth double breasted coat, and carries a heavy hickory cane. This completes the picture and sketch of *Father Dean*.

NOAH THOMAS.

Noah Thomas was born August 1st, 1834, in Fayette county, Ohio. His boyhood days were spent on a farm assisting his father in his agricultural pursuits, but like many other young men he conceived the idea that in order to advance to prominence and honor, a good classical education must be obtained. He began shaping his bearing in that direction, and in the spring of 1858, he left the farm and entered college. In speaking of his college days, he says: "I studied hard and was determined to keep up with the class, which means, to those who have gone through a similar experience, more than I shall here attempt to describe, but that it does mean many a headache and many hours of hard study over some algebraic problem, or some difficult passage of history, we are well aware. Often has the gray dawn of approaching day found the student pouring over his books."

Shortly after Mr. Thomas left college, the rebellion broke out and with thousands of others he enlisted, and in the 110th O. V. I. served his country faithfully until June 2, 1864. At the battle of Cole Harbor he lost his left arm while engaged in the fight, and this of course closed his war record. He was discharged from the service, and returned to Madison county, Ohio, where his parents had moved during his absence. In October of the same year, 1864, he was elected County Auditor

of Madison county, and was re-elected for five successive terms, making in all nearly twelve years he served as Auditor, which alone shows his competency and worthiness. In 1866 he was married to Miss Doris, of Zanesville, Ohio. Six children were the fruits of their union, five of whom are living, one having died since he came to Columbus. April 22d, 1880, he was appointed Warden of the Ohio Penitentiary, and at this writing is still holding the reins over the guilty and unfortunate; but ere this will be seen in print, his term of office will have expired, and the great penal institution will again have changed its colors, and those who have listened so eagerly to his voice in the chapel explaining some feature of the law, or telling them they may talk while at dinner, will soon be listening to the voice of another. Mr. Thomas is very unpretending and matter of fact in business, but in social conversation is pleasant and at times jovial. He has commanded the respect of all who have been officially connected with him since his appointment as Warden, and is universally liked by the prisoners, who, upon losing him as their Chief, lose a *friend* who left nothing undone that would add to their comfort and welfare.

In showing the standing of the prison during his management, I have given clearly his mode of government and the care he has taken of the prisoner, which, added to what I have here written, will give the reader a brief

history of and acquaint him with one of the Ohio Penitentiary's model Wardens.

DR. NORMAN GAY.

Dr. Gay was first known to the Ohio Penitentiary in 1849 during the cholera epidemic, thirty-five years ago. He was but recently graduated and with other doctors came to the prison to assist in taking care of the stricken convicts. Doctor Lathrop, the prison physician, was taken with cholera and died; Doctor Garb, one of those who kindly aided the poor unfortunates, also died, and the entire work fell upon Doctor Gay, who labored both day and night. At one time they died faster than they could be taken away for burial, and as many as twenty corpses could be seen at one time. The scene was dreadful and required nerve to remain and work among them. The number of prisoners confined in the prison at that time was about four hundred, of which over one hundred and twenty died.

Doctor Gay was a surgeon through the late war, and in 1872 was again appointed prison physician, but his practice in the city was so large that after serving one or more terms he gave up the position and devoted his entire time to his city work.

In 1882 he was once more chosen physician of the O. P. and at the close of the present administration will have served over two years. I may here add that in

1872 while he was physician the cholera again broke out in the "pen" but did not assume an epidemic form, there being but twenty-three deaths out of over twelve hundred men. The prison has been visited several times by small-pox and measles, which cast a gloom over the palace (?) for a time, but was of short duration. The worst seige of small-pox was at the time of John Morgan's incarceration.

Doctor Gay is very unassuming in his manner, but no doubt has forgotten more than some of greater pretensions *ever knew*.

PART VI.

Financial Standing of the Prison at various times—Average Number of Convicts each year—General Remarks—Original Poems—Appendix.

Statistical Showing of the Financial Standing of the Prison at Various Times and the Average Number of Convicts Each Year.

For the year 1861, the total earnings and receipts for the prison were \$105,879.17, and the expenditures were \$100,125.28, showing a balance in favor of the prison of \$4,966.28. The average number of convicts was 965. We now give a lapse of ten years. For the year 1871, the total receipts were \$182,887.60, and the expenditures were \$178,261.74, showing a balance in favor of the State of \$4,625.96, with 1,014 the average number of convicts. The difference in the 10 years is suprisingly small in both the financial standing and average number of convicts. The highest number of prisoners at any one time up to October, 1872, was, 1099 in 1868. The average number for that year was, 1053; for 1869, 1018; for 1870, 1013.

In 1875, the total receipts for the institution were \$199,537.84, and the expenditures were \$179,202.35,

showing balance in favor of State of \$20,335.49, and the average number of convicts was 1,257, over 300 greater than the year previous. In 1879, the total receipts of prison were \$172,361.02, and the expenditures were \$176,097.36, causing a deficiency of \$3,716.54; the average number of convicts was 1,571. In 1880, the total receipts for the year were \$173,758.12, and the expenditures were \$186,278.87, a deficiency of \$12,520.75, with the average number of prisoners 1,231. The increase of prisoners and the running out of some of the contracts added much to the cause of deficiency, which the reletting of the contracts on the 1st of January following show. In 1881, the total receipts were \$190,614.23, and the expenditures were \$187,625.76, leaving a surplus for the State of \$2,988.47, with the average number of prisoners 1,250. The close of this management shows everything in good condition with flattering prospects, which were fully realized in the next year's report.

In 1882, the total receipts were \$218,285.42, and the expenditures were \$201,687.46, a surplus in favor of the State of \$16,597.96, with average number of convicts 1,306. The number of prisoners gradually increased with the general expense of the institution. In 1883, the last report issued, the total receipts were \$245,110.13, and the expenditures were \$192,069.05, a surplus gained for the State of \$53,041.08, with the average number of convicts 1,364. This is by far the finest

showing the institution has ever had and certainly speaks in high favor of the Board of Directors, Warden Thomas, and in fact all the officials can claim a share of the present standing of the institution.

GENERAL REMARKS.

Before closing this work it may be well to add a few general remarks and give a few of the many schemes of the prisoner.

The reader would naturally think from reading the rules—duties of the prisoner—that any communication between prisoners would be impossible, that the ever-ready and watchful eye of the guard would detect any scheme they might have in view; but such is not the case.

A look, a wink, or a certain movement of the head signifies more to the convict than an entire written page; for by such signs or a low hiss they are notified of an approaching officer, or that they are watched, and with a sudden change of features they hastily conceal all meaning, and thus is the officer many times thrown entirely off and they are passed by. They make a study of signs and movements that they may readily communicate with each other in the shops or other parts of the prison. Each contract shop is furnished by the state with a "runner," who performs errands for the guard and carries water for the prisoners, and it is

they who have opportunities, in passing each other in the yard on their way to state shop, hospital, or library, to communicate, pass notes, or trade, which cannot well be avoided. Great care is taken in selecting convicts for such positions, but if they are as straight as a string when placed on such work, one week after will place them on the crooked list. There are exceptions to the above but they are rare, as they have all chance for trading or "tinkering." On many occasions discoveries have been made where they had regular trading posts established and were carrying on quite a little business trading tobacco for writing permits, &c. One writing ticket has been known to bring one dozen plugs of tobacco, showing how eager some are to write to friends and what risks they are willing to run; full well they know if they are caught they will be punished and perhaps lose the "good time" given them for clear record.

Tobacco and writing permits are often stolen from a fellow-convict, and usually the "runner" gets a goodly share of the barter for working up the trade.

There are many trinkets made by prisoners and some are most beautiful in design—fancy wood carving, knives, toothpicks, crochet needles, sleeve and collar buttons are made on the sly. It is termed "tinkering," and is strictly forbidden, but is nevertheless carried on as it is difficult to catch them at such work.

One of the most laughable instances of trading was by a prisoner whose name was Morgan (he was "run-

ner" for Hayden's plate shops), and who had formed an attachment for a dog belonging to the prison, of which there are a number, and at times when not employed would amuse himself by teaching the animal various tricks. The dog became greatly attached to Morgan and would obey anything he might tell him to do. I am unable to say whether or not Morgan had in view what I am about to relate at the time he was training the dog, but certain it is that it worked like a charm for him. The well that furnishes the water for the prisoners to drink stands near the center of the yard between the chapel and guard room, and often there are several prisoners there for water at the same time, and it was while there Morgan would sell this dog for tobacco, but as soon as he had used up what he had received he would call the dog back and sell him to some one else. It is said he repeated the trick sixteen times before he was found out.

Another trick is finding out the number of years a new man has to serve. This is done by holding up the number of fingers signifying the number of years. The new man does not at once understand, but soon becomes acquainted with the meaning by seeing it practiced by others. Some talk with the mouth closed and can be understood; but the most difficult of all their schemes is the note business. They write notes and often it is weeks before they reach their destination and the only way of finding who the writer is—they are

always anonymous—is to see the note leave his hands or find it on his person. They often communicate with each other while in their cells by means of a string and a small hook; at this they are frequently caught, as they have no way of hiding the string when once seen. The schemes given are only a few of the thousand and one in use by convicts, and of which the writing tell but little of the mental study by which these schemes have been carried out. Their plans may be matured and they ready for action when some disturbing element suddenly appears which frustrates their plans for months or perhaps altogether, yet they never seem to despair, but patiently await something to turn up that will aid them in executing their plans. These risks are usually run by short time prisoners, as they think, of course, they will get out at the end of their sentence anyway, therefore will take greater chances and be more independent. The life prisoner, as I have already remarked, is generally the best behaved, as he knows his only hope for liberty is through the sympathy of his friends and the executive clemency of the Governor, while the main thing for him to do is to observe the rules and carry himself in a proper manner, so if there should be an effort made in his behalf his record would add much strength to the petition. These prisoners are a better educated class of men than those who are imprisoned for burglary or similar offenses.

The officers of the Ohio Penitentiary, especially the

guards, have a difficult task in watching the men placed under them to be impartially and justly dealt with. In a shop may be fifty men and not two of the number of the same disposition or temperament, consequently the guard must study his men that he may always be ready to instruct or command properly and keep the discipline of the shop what it should be. It is a place that affords study of human nature and one of the most extensive and varied one can find. Some are of a nervous temperament and require kindness with firmness or they imagine their guard is holding spite against them, while others assume that stolid indifference that requires sternness and an unflinching eye resting on them from morning till night, and should the guard incline to leniency and treat them in a humane and kind manner they soon lay their plans to "beat him."

The Deputy Warden watches the movements of the officers equally as close as he does the prisoners, and often he finds it necessary to change the guards in shops and on the wall to prevent any serious trouble.

The institution from its erection to 1875 consisted of only three directors. Among the number we find the names of some of our prominent citizens who served as directors, for instance, Mr. Nat Martin, an old resident of Columbus, and Theodore Comstock, also of Columbus, served several terms. Mr. Comstock is the owner of Comstock's opera building, the finest in the city. He is also one of the trustees of the Columbus Asylum

for Insane. Recently in conversation with the writer he remarked that he had "about gone the entire round," meaning he had been connected with all the public institutions and held nearly all the city offices of any importance. He is very pleasant and jovial in conversation and is held in high esteem by all who know him.

In 1861 the members of the Board were H. E. Parsons, J. J. Wood, and J. J. Janney. In 1872 the members of the Board were James L. Bates, George Harsh, and Stanley Matthews, of Cincinnati. In 1876 General Walcutt was a member of the Board, as was also D. McConville of Steubenville, O., who is now Governor Hoadly's private secretary. In 1879 Captain C. A. Boyd, of Ripley, O., served a term as director.

The annual reports show all who have been connected with the prison since that time.

There are one hundred and ten officers connected with the Ohio Penitentiary, of which number I shall give the names of chief officers who have had control during the last administration. The Board of Directors are E. F. Blair, Georgetown, O.; Gen. E. T. Stickney, Republic, O.; Colonel M. Churchill, Zanesville, O.; Judge Thos. E. Duncan, Mt. Gilead, O., and Mr. H. Loewer, of Columbus, O.; Warden, Captain Noah Thomas, London, O.; Deputy Warden, James A. Dean, Columbus, O.; Assistant Deputy Warden, Edward Patten, Hamilton, O.; Clerk, Mr. F. Buehne, Cleveland, O.; Assistant Clerk, D. F. Fox; Chaplain, I. H.

DeBruin, Winchester, O.; Physician, Dr. N. Gay, Columbus, O.; Steward, Henry Becker, Columbus, O.; Supt. of -Hospital, Dr. Fred. Gunsaulus; Supt. Construction and Architect, Geo. H. Roland; Supt. Yard, Samuel Johnson; Supt. State Shop, A. H. Goodwin; Supt. Kitchen, W. Cramer; Supt. Gas Works, R. P. Green; Capt. Guard Room, day, John E. Thrall, and night, O. B. McAdams; Capt. Night Watch, Geo. H. Playford; Librarian, J. H. Matthews; Matron Female Department, Miss R. Houk, and her assistant, Mrs. Julia A. Glines. There is a guard from each county in the state and six surplus men to take charge in the absence of the regular men. Aside from the officers of the prison there are a large number of citizens employed, foremen, superintendents of contracts, engineers and teamsters, making in all nearly eighteen hundred of a population inside the walls daily. The daily mail is as large as a town of 2,000 population would have.

The time gained by the prisoner's good behavior will, no doubt, be interesting. The reader can plainly see from the following statement the great inducement offered them for proper conduct.

A prisoner sentenced for one year can by good behavior gain fifty days, which will release him in ten months and ten days. He will gain five days per month for the ten months, but nothing on a fractional part of a month. An eighteen months' sentence can gain ninety-eight days, or three months and ten days.

A two years' sentence, one hundred and thirty-three days, or four months and thirteen days. A three years' sentence, two hundred and forty-three days, or eight months and three days. A four years' sentence, three hundred and sixty days, or one year. A five years' sentence, four hundred and fifty days, or one year and three months. A six years' sentence, five hundred and forty days, or one year and six months. A seven years' sentence, six hundred and thirty days, or one year and nine months. An eight years' sentence, seven hundred and twenty days, or two years. A nine years' sentence, two years and three months. A ten years' sentence, two years and six months. An eleven years' sentence, two years and nine months. A twelve years' sentence, three years. A fifteen years' sentence, three years and nine months. An eighteen years' sentence, four years and six months. A twenty years' sentence, five years.

This time to be gained by good conduct seems, to the majority of prisoners when they first come in, of very little consequence in comparison with the long sentence, but after they have served their short time and are compelled to remain longer—owing to bad record—they can see where they missed it, and often you can hear them say: "I wish I had kept my record clear—I could have done it." This is not all; after they have served the lost time and been discharged they can not have their citizenship restored. A prisoner must have

a clear prison record to have his citizenship papers restored to him by the Governor, otherwise it is required by law that he shall return to the county from which he was sent and after remaining there one year he can make application to the Governor for his papers. The application must be accompanied by the names of ten or more influential citizens from said county. The Governor will then restore to him a restoration of his rights and privileges forfeited by his conviction which restoration shall be evidenced by a certificate from the Governor under the great Seal of the State, Sec. 7432, Revised Statute.

The allowance for each prisoner is one hat or cap, one jacket, two hickory shirts, one pair of pants, one pair of shoes—in the winter season the Warden will allow those, who, in his judgment, require it, a sufficiency of under wear—one vest, and two pairs of socks. Each prisoner may also have in his possession one handkerchief, a tooth pick and brush, a fine and coarse toothed comb, letters coming through the office, pictures of his friends, his ration of tobacco, issued by the State, a knife the blade not to exceed one inch in length and made blunt at the point, and his own books, his name to be written plainly with ink across the printed matter in at least three places.

Prisoners are allowed at any time to speak with the Governor, Heads of Departments, Supreme and Common Pleas Judges, and officers of the Prison, but to no

one else except by an order from the Directors, Warden, Clerk or Deputy, and which must at all times, be in the presence of an officer of the Prison.

The rules governing the contractors and their employees are also very stringent. They (contractors) are to hold no intercourse with any convict other than those employed or superintended by them, not to converse upon any subject other than the business carried on by them. They must confine themselves strictly to their business and are not to leave the shop, where said business is carried on, nor to visit any other part of the Prison. They are not, under any circumstances whatever, to inflict punishment or to enforce discipline in any manner upon any convict. They are to report to the guards having charge of the convicts in their department all violations of the rules and regulations of the Prison. They shall not apply any harsh or opprobrious epithets to the convicts nor use any profane language in their presence.

The teamsters or other persons in the employ of the contractors, who may occasionally visit the prison, shall not be permitted to speak to a convict without permission of an officer.

All officers and guards are expressly charged with the execution of the above orders, and are directed to report any neglect or violation of the same.

The above shows plainly that the contractor and his employes are required to strict obedience of the rules

same as the officers, and all that is necessary to have good discipline throughout the institution is for the proper officers to see that all the requirements are strictly adhered to. The rules are plain and rigid, but the success of the institution depends entirely upon their enforcement.

I shall now give a few general rules of the institution: No ardent spirits, wine, beer or ale, are upon any occasion to be used by any officer, contractor or foreman in or about the prison; neither are they to suffer any other person to bring the same within the prison walls except for the hospital, to be used for medicinal purposes under direction of the Warden or physician.

Profanity by any officer, guard, contractor, foreman, or any person connected with the prison, is positively prohibited and will not be tolerated under any circumstance. They are called upon to practice that by way of example, which they are required by precept to enforce.

Any guard who shall sleep while at his post, or while in charge of any other duty, or who shall behave improperly, shall be discharged from the institution. No officer or guard of the prison shall buy for himself any provision, fuel, supplies, or any article in connection with the supplies purchased for the prison.

No contractor shall be allowed to give any guard a reward or present, and any one receiving such reward or present shall be immediately discharged.

The reader will notice great care is taken in expressing the meaning of the above rules so that any one violating them does so knowing he is laying himself liable to discharge.

VISITORS AND VISITORS' CONDUCTOR.

A book entitled "Visitors' Register" shall be kept in the visitors' room, in which shall be entered the name of each visitor of the prison with his or her place of residence. It shall be the duty of the visitors' conductor to see that each person desiring to pass through the prison is registered in conformity with the above rules before conducting him or her through.

All persons—except contractors, their foremen and employees, and such persons as are authorized by law to visit the prison—not connected with the prison are regarded as visitors and are subject to the same rules. Visitors are not permitted to enter the prison unless accompanied by an officer or guard of the prison, and while within the prison walls will be under the surveillance of the officer or guard accompanying them. Visitors will have no intercourse with the convicts and when passing through the prison must conduct themselves in a quiet and orderly manner; loud talking, laughing, and personal allusion to convicts by remarks or pointing are positively prohibited.

No ex-convict or intoxicated person will be permitted to visit the prison or grounds under any pretext whatever. All visitors must enter and depart by way of the guard room. Visitors will only be allowed on Sunday during church service and are required to leave the prison yard before the prisoners leave the chapel.

It shall be the duty of any officer or guard of the penitentiary to see when persons are found within the prison contrary to or in violation of any of the above rules that they are at once stopped and made to leave the prison grounds.

Visitors shall be charged a fee of twenty-five cents for passing through the prison. A large number of visitors from all parts of the United States visit the Ohio Penitentiary; there is never a day passes, no matter how inclement the weather, that some one does not pass through. During the summer excursions from different places visit the prison and sometimes number over two thousand in one body. The conductor is kept constantly busy on his daily rounds.

The receipts for visitors during the year 1883 amounted to nearly six thousand dollars, the largest amount ever received for visitors alone.

I now close this small volume with a hope that the reader may be fully satisfied with its contents and not bored to death, as is often the case by having things misrepresented.

What I have written has been carefully taken from

the records and learned while in conversation with those who have been in positions to know. I have confined myself exclusively to facts and am assured that the reader will have, after reading these pages, an accurate *idea* of the workings of the *Ohio Penitentiary*.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

GRADE AND PAROLE.

Grade or Degrade which will it be,
Degrade, I'm afraid for men like me ;
The scheme for drawing a line o'er the heart,
Proves "*Legislators* " not very smart.
They do worse things, to get into office,
Than convicts would ; than grade and scoff us,
Far better inquire about ones guilt,
And plunge their sword up to the hilt
Into every perjured witness found ;
Then grade, and parade, certain ones around.
This opinion is mine, draw the color line,
While you are getting things here so very fine.
And make a white and black divide,
Placing the Black man on his side.
They are afraid of scuttling their political boat ;
They don't like the nigger, but they do like his vote.
Far better let the prisoner be,
I'll compare with them my pedigree.
There's many a prisoner that outranks them all,
And in Heaven receives a quicker call.

One is either guilty or he is not,
If not, a "parole," will make him hot ;
If guilty, he'll take it and skip away,
To commit a crime large enough to pay.
Far better begin and "reform yourselves,"
Instead of playing the cunning elves ;
You'd better stop both grade and degrade
Before *more* criminals are made.

AN ACUTE OBSERVER.

A GLIMPSE OF WHO HAS BEEN IN PRISON.

I begin way down in Pharaoh's land,
To show who has been in prison ;
And how its done by underhand,
And falshoods and mistakes arisen.

A lady there in shear dispair,
Fell in love with Joseph fair,
And took him by the arm and throat.
Virtuous man, fled without his coat.

The would-be lover, to hide her shame,
Tried the recriminating game ;
And kept the coat for proof-in-hand
To assure her virtue to her dear husband.

He insulted me, than ran away,
The husband thrust Joseph in prison ;

What could the innocent prisoner say,
False imprisonment had full sway.

Daniel the Prophet, in the lion's den,
Who was placed therein by scheming men ;
They laid a snare to have him killed,
But Daniel proved to be well skilled.

Other Prophets were in durance vile,
To tell it all is not worth while ;
Come down to the time of Christ our Saviour,
And read about society's behavior.

Paul and Silas were thrust in jail,
For following in the Savior's trail ;
The Martyr Stephen, too, must atone,
They murdered the pious men with stones.

And John the Baptist, they too dreaded,
And for self protection he was be-headed ;
By the same society then protected,
A mistaken public which subjected.

If saints and holy ones were confined,
What can we expect from my wild kind ;
The world is full of mistakes to day,
Which none but a victim can explain away.

HIDDEN GEMS.

Many a valuable gem may be
Hidden in a fathomless sea,
Or buried deeply in the ground,
Where it never will be found.

Many a sparkling gem may shine,
Which its possessor loves to call mine ;
And devotes his whole time at its shrine,
Forgetting by whose power its thine.

With indications that its pure,
And scintillations that allure,
Even rivaling the famous Koorinoor.
Which cannot one true test endure.

So a precious thought may be
Concealed where none but God can see,
Locked within a human breast,
To be entombed at last with all the rest.

Which would have seemed good, had it been known,
But alas ! like the grass, its overgrown,
So a thought even thought to be good,
May be issued at times, used as brain food.

Oft worth is concealed through fear of shame,
By those who are reserved ;

The world has a perfect right to claim,
All good thoughts thus preserved.

A truth concealed, should be revealed,
The test will be to it a shield ;
Come out with everything you know,
And give the false a quick death blow.

AT THIRTY-NINE—IN PRISON.

To-day the wrinkles on my brow,
And my white skin mummy-face,
Informs a careful observer how
Time conquers the human race.

In eighteen hundred and seventy-five,
A judicial mistake buried me alive ;
I then was a young and vigorous lad,
But now my pale face looks so sad.

The sparkling lustre's left my eye,
I continually am heaving an inward sigh
And I will tell the reason why—
Both my convictions were a lie.

I mourn o'er them by day and night,
And oft when thinking feel like fight ;
Because I cannot set them right,
On account of public imaginative flight.

The world *ignores* me to a man,
Providence blinds them all she can,
By putting them on to a false track,
Making the burden break my back.

The still small voice within my heart
Has told me hourly from the start,
That I'm entirely free from guilt,
Although condemned for blood that's spilt.

What can I do but mourn and write,
While locked up in this prison tight ;
Life's mysteries can never be solved,
And I am not alone involved.

One who reads history knows much mystery,
And sees victims by the score ;
Of my own mystery *I* have written a history
In a book of poetical lore.

No one person can I blame,
For heaping on me all this shame,
Circumstances made the chain
And welded it on against the grain.

The guilt of each is pre-supposed,
The minute they are once enclosed,
And ever after kept a slave,
And slandered till they fill a grave.

Many in prison cannot show their wrong,
And hence are kept, wrongfully—long;
Simply for lack of proof and friends;
Is this what a just law intends?

A man in prison may not be a knave,
Yet he is treated like a slave;
They care not whether you are guilty or not,
But say you deserve just what you got.

I'll act the man, and face my fate,
Although the thought may irritate
I'll die game, facing the world,
Hoping to see the mystery unfurled

And the public shown what they have done,
Not to myself alone, but to many a one,
That they have wrongfully caused distress,
To me it will approximate redress.

THE CINCINNATI RIOT.

Oh, fatal Cincinnati to disastrous woes a prey,
So soon to follow Ohio's flood, comes this disgraceful fray;
That time can ne'er efface, nor deep contrition heal
The wound, from this the greatest blow, your city now must
 feel.
Your dens of vice, your lawless men, of every grade and
 clime,

And gilded palaces of sin, with scenes but to inflame,
That drive your men to violence, your women to open shame
Now staggers 'neath the blow, nor soon will firmly stand,
Till vice and wanton pleasure cease, and lawful right command,

Until your city's vice to man's memory is lost,
Till every guardian for the right stands firmly at his post,
And law and order be restored, stern justice to impose,
And with an iron hand you strangle all her foes.
Till then and only then, will you redeem your name,
And thus a sure foundation lay, to build a future fame;
For thousands through the land to-day indignant feel,
Who in the past, with pride, approved your city's weal.
But now their voice is raised, they openly condemn
A power too weak to rule, a city so steeped in sin.
And at the door of vice, and passionate scenes that thrill,
Allowed by law to furnish, shield men who dare to kill,
The blame lies there; for murderers escape punishment with ease,

Trials are a mockery through lawyers' liberal fees.
Then, Oh! how deep the shame, your city now must feel,
When disgraceful riot to oppose, your power could not repeal,
Nor check the rabble horde, but called upon the State
To save a boasted fame, yet lose a Court House great.
But here I drop the veil, with words I fail to trace
The secret of your crimes, the depth of this disgrace,
When a city of wealth and knowledge, and men of great
renown,

Fails to sway the scepter, yet claims to wear the crown.

This is a convict's idea of the cause of the riot expressed in rhyme, and is thought to cover the ground.

SUNSHINE.

The warm sunshine streams through hazy autumn air,
And shines on people, heathen and wavy buck-wheat fair.
Upon the smoky chimneys and church steeples tall,
And upon the trees that grow within the prison wall.

Upon the sentinel whose never ceasing tread
Who daily marches the ramparts o'er, so high above our
heads.

And to our prison window, that lies within their view,
Though far above our reach the sunshine still streams
through.

And sends a cheering ray of gladness to our heart,
Made sad by lonely solitude its cheering rays impart.
That higher will controls the beams, and man to know
The sun would fail to shoot a ray without *God* to twang the
bow.

"A FABLE."

Said the dove to the crows,
Fly quick from your bed,
And all your tribe know
The owlet is dead.

Bid mice and the cricket,
The worms and the ants,

The snakes in the thicket
All come from their haunts.

We will tear him asunder,
And spare not a bone,
Then place him all, under
The weight of a stone.

Where the mice and the worm,
The ants and the snakes,
Without fear, without harm
May feast on his steaks.

All the night hawks may chant
A dirge at his grave.
While the whippowils rant,
And nightingales rave.

We will shed not a tear,
But greatly rejoice,
And never man hear
The sound of his voice.

Now the owlet alive
But moped on the ground,
While his foes all arrive
And eager to wound.

For Appolo's bright glare
Had dazzled his anger,
While Diana's soft hair
Hung low on the skies.

The crows they croaked on him,
The snakes would all hiss,
And the mice whistled on him
In raptures of bliss.

They had come from the hills,
The dales and the swamps,
O'er rivers and rills
By the fireflie's lamp.

To part on the owlet,
Brave king of the night,
And together would haul it
With all of their might.

I must sleep, says the dove,
I too, said the crow,
While our friends in the grove
Are watching below.

Let's fly to yon bower,
That stands by the stream,
To blink for an hour,
And dream, if we dream.

Whippowil—Whippowil,
Oh, owlet reply,
Now is loud and shrill
From a swamp close by.

T'is the night bird's warning
That daylight has fled
To the owl of the morning
To the dove took for dead.

Wa-Hoot, Te-Hoot,
Poor owlet revives,
While the whole Bug-a-boo
Will fly for their lives.

With a crow in each claw,
A dove in his bill,
That universal law
Compells him to kill.

He soars o'er the heathen
On wings of delight,
With unruffled feathers
Still king of the night.

KATY DID.

Here I sit and here I ponder,
With dreamy thoughts and visions fair,

Lofty callers without numbers
Are built upon the putrid air.

Here I watch the cunning spider,
And profound lessons I receive;
When his web is woven wider
For little flies he would deceive.

Here I trace the lustrous moonbeams
That stray between the diamond bars,
Whose silvery light more beautiful seems
When skies are spangled with the stars.

Here I sit and muse till morning,
O'er things revealed and others hid,
While a voice as if in scorn
Boldly declares that Katy Did.

I wonder what poor Katy done?
When I hear her thus accused
I only think she loved some one
And that some one was refused.

Perhaps she loved a gallant crook
Who swelled her head with lusty lore,
And oft I've the gallant took
Loves welcome kiss, and nothing more.

Perchance she tripped the mazy dances,
At Gaylord's Grove till break of morn,
With winning smiles, loving glances,
And thus incurred some old maid's scorn.

Who in the darkness of the grove,
May hurl abuse on Katy's head
And screech the words she cannot prove
Till daylight, and night has fled.

LINES ON THE PAST.

Ah, well do I remember when I was but a child,
A mother's loving face that always on me smiled,
The lessons that she taught me, whan I was tired of play;
Or with a loving kiss would wipe the tears away.

She would take me on her knee when I was quite a boy,
And press me to her heart with a mother's fondest joy;
Pass lightly o'er my faults and never once chastize,
But with forbearing spirit always would advise.

Then when in manhood's prime, I embarked in public life,
I found my pathway strewn with thorns, all was care and
 strife;
No mother's loving voice to cheer me on the way,
Or guide me with her counsel, keep me from going astray.

Now I am unhappy, my punishment severe,
For soon the words forgot, she whispered in my ear ;
And now, too late I see, the folly and the shame,
That will always be attached to my once unsullied name.

May kind heaven in its mercy grant me a sure relief,
Look with an eye of pity on my repented grief.
And may my sainted mother look with pity from above,
Upon her erring son, who here on earth she loved.

And when at last on earth my journey shall be o'er,
May I a home of safety find upon that other shore ;
A crown of glory wear and with the angels sing
Around the throne of Him who rules Eternal King.

\

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own ;
Remember those in houses glass,
Should never throw a stone.

If you have nothing else to do,
But talk of those who sin,
'Tis better to commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried,

Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.

Some may have faults and who have not,
The old as well as the young ;
We may, perhaps, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And I find it works full well,
To try my own defects to cure,
Before of others tell.

And though sometimes I hope to be,
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Now let us when we commence
To slander friends or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know.

Remember curses sometimes, like
Our chickens roost at home ;
Don't speak of others' faults, until
We have none of our own.

PARODY ON JIM FISK.

Kind friends now draw nigh, to please you I'll try,
The words of a convict I'll risk,

Who is lonely sometime, mourns his trouble in rhyme,
To be sung in the tune of Jim Fisk,
And if through your heart you feel sympathy dart,
As you list to the words used now and then
Of the sad, doleful strain of the convict's refrain,
Oh, pity him then in the *pen*.

Who through long weary days not a word dare he say,
Scarce a smile dare come over his face,
For the guard so severe who the convict does fear,
No mercy does show in this place.
Oh, pity him then you more human men,
Think not he is hardened to sin,
Who knows but his heart with repentance does smart,
Oh, pity him then in the *pen*.

Perhaps when a child he was tender and mild,
In his heart no evil did dwell,
Ne'er a thought that a day, he from home far away,
Would be cast in a vile prison cell ;
And as thoughts o'er him come of a once happy home,
He ne'er will look on again,
It causes a sigh, brings a tear to his eye,
Oh, pity him then in the *pen*.

Oh, sad was the day when from home he did stray,
Where once he was happy and free,
With a fond mother's love his footsteps to guide,
And help him from going astray.

But, alas, when too late, he mourns his sad fate,
And tears down his cheeks fall like rain,
He bewails him his lot, his lone prison cot,
Oh, pity him then in the *pen*.

Kind friends don't look down with scorn and a frown
On the convict when free once again,
For his crime be it said, with his liberty paid
An atonement to wash out the stain.
But do all you can to help fallen man,
We know 'tis nature to sin,
And if you by him stand with brotherly hand
He will languish no more in the *pen*.

AN AUTUMN POEM.

Come look through the window with me, dear friend ;
See the charms of Nature with harmony blend ;
At the beautiful picture that before us is spread
With the birth of "October," for summer is dead.
On yonder hillside stand in serried ranks the trees,
Waving their crimson, golden banners to the autumn breeze.
It seems they are out on full dress parade to-day,
And the Grand Marshal, *Frost*, has come to say
He will inspect them, and they must don their best ;
And quickly at his bidding they put on their chilly vest—
A uniform "not uniform," more pleasant to behold,
Because of its variety of colors tinged with gold.
There's deep crimson, brilliant yellow, brown, and purple hue,

And green mixed ! and exquisite blending of color, too.
No human painter could rival with his artistic hand
That which Nature, the queen of artists, spreads throughout
the land ;

And as higher and higher you see the mountain peaks arise,
And ledges of old gray rock loom upward toward the skies,
Where the young folks used to ramble gathering scarlet berries and green,

Fine leaves to crown their heads, and they were often seen
Sitting on the broad, flat ledges ; some cracking nuts and some
Were telling stories ; and the merry mountain songs would
come

Who loved to hear the echo's welkin ring,
As note after note, from crag to crag, would back upon
them fling.

And here, amid these caves in the hillside, one a story told,
How long ago, the largest one was home, a band of robbers
bold,

Who committed depredations upon the nearest town,
And could not be routed, until at last this rocky cave was
found.

'Tis now many years ago this happened, and only the fox
and rabbit

Seem the living things that does this cave inhabit ;
Save when a party of ramblers by chance this cave will
meet,

But very few of the timid sex will enter the gloomy retreat.
Down in the valley, at the foot of this ridge, runs a murmuring
brook,

Whose waters twinkle in the smoky light, and, if you further
look,
You will see the "golden rod" and "astor" and yellow sun-
flower there,
For in days ago I have gathered them to decorate my hair.
And over all the golden autumn sunlight shines serenety's
pale,
Soft haze, enveloping all with its dreamy, transparent veil.
The very air is pervaded with a sense of Heavenly cheer.
The season may well be called the "Sabbath of the year,"
For it rests from all its labor, and looks with happy pride
On the sweet fruition of its work o'er landscape far and wide.

APPENDIX.

Since the body of this work was written there have been a few changes which it is necessary to note.

Andrew Egner was pardoned by Gov. Foster, Jan. 12, 1884, after serving nine years and six days on life sentence. The pardon was a surprise to almost everybody, especially the officers of the prison, as it was thought there were many more worthy cases for executive clemency.

William V. Terrell died of consumption Feb. 15, 1884, after serving six years, one month and one day. His friends came for his body and took it to Gore, O., for burial. The citizens of Gore refused interment in the village cemetery on account of his having been an inmate of the Penitentiary. They buried him on the old homestead farm and in sight of the Weldon farm, where the murder was committed.

It has been said that Terrell's relatives have instituted suit against the parties who refused his body burial, but as to the facts of the matter I am not able to say.

The House bill that was pending during the sitting of the 66th General Assembly for the abolishing of the contract-convict labor system has at last passed both branches of the Legislature and is a law which will take effect May 1st, 1884.

It provides that the convicts shall be employed exclusively for state work. The present contracts are not affected by the law, but as fast as they expire the convicts will be employed on state work.

It provides a board of managers, a warden, physician, clerk, secretary, steward, and such other officers as are necessary to carry on the institution. The Governor appointed the following named gentlemen to constitute the Board of Managers to serve under the new Penitentiary law: Hon. D. C. Coolman, Portage county; George E. Peters, Franklin county; Darlington Fee, Clermont county; Col. F. Remple, Hocking county, and Col. W. R. Robinson, Hamilton county. On April 1st they held their first meeting, the old board retiring. Mr. Coolman was elected President of the board, and Mr. Peters, of Columbus, elected Secretary. After they had examined the books and work of the retiring board, a vote of thanks was extended for courtesies shown them. They then proceeded to elect the following officers: Mr. I. G. Peetrey, of London, O., was appointed Warden; Mr. Eugene Powell, of Delaware, O., was appointed Secretary; Clerk, Mr. L. L. Lang, Seneca county; Assistant Clerk, Mr. E. J. Denny, Cleveland, O.; Physician, Dr. C. R. Montgomery, of Columbus; Steward, A. B. Curtis, from Cuyahoga Falls; Captain of Night Watch, J. P. Helbling, Brown county; Captain Guard Room (day), P. J. Callan, Mercer county; (night) Wm. Kilgore, Madison

county; Deputy Warden, E. H. Marriott, Columbus, O.; Assistant Deputy, Frank Stible, Sandusky, O.; and the necessary number of superintendents. The general change will take place May 1st, as the terms of most all of the old officers expire on that date and their places will be filled with new men. Rev. P. P. Wolf, of Highland county, is appointed for the Chaplaincy, and Mr. Chas. Allen, from Belmont county, Librarian. Miss Jones, of Franklin county, was appointed Matron, Mrs. L. Doudney, of Brown county, Assistant.

Much credit is due Mr. Peetrey for his cool judgment and business-like manner since taking hold of his new work, as he has been pressed very hard by applicants for appointments and many other matters which have kept him constantly at his post, and which he is ever ready to give prompt attention. The writer feels assured from what he has seen of Warden Peetrey's movements since his appointment that the Board of Managers have made a good selection, and that *if his subordinate* officers will give him their hearty support as they should do, he will be successful in his management of the institution. Such at least is the wish of the writer.





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